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THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER,

TRANSLATED BY A. POPE.

A NEW EDITION.

ADORNED WITH PLATES.

VOLUME V.

London:

PRINTED FOR F. J. DU ROVERAY,

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THE

SIXTEENTH BOOK

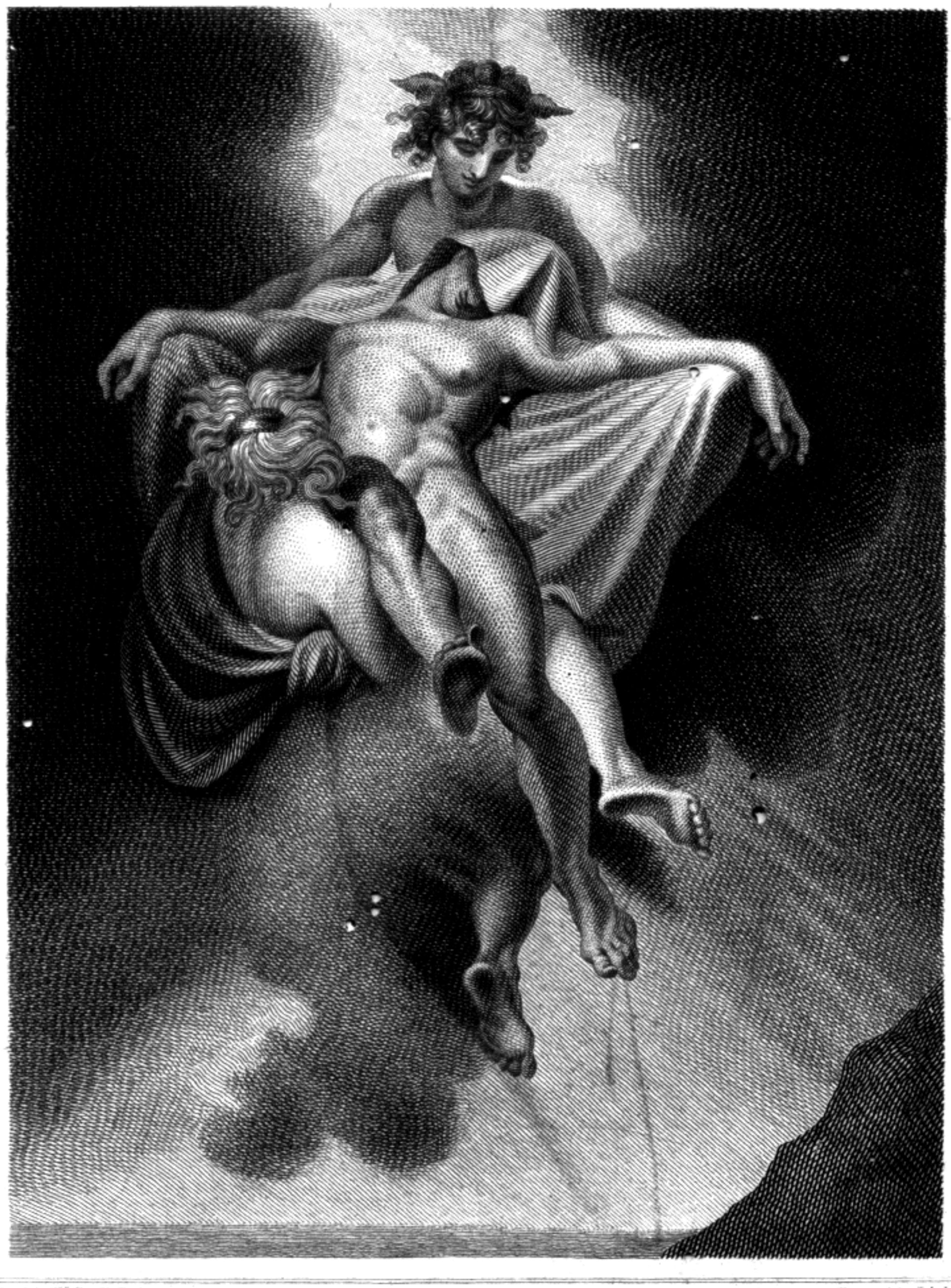
OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE SIXTH BATTLE: THE ACTS AND DEATH OF PATROCLUS.

Patroclus (in pursance of the request of Nestor in the eleventh book) entreats Achilles to suffer him to go to the assistance of the Greeks with Achilles's troops and armour. He agrees to it, but at the same time charges him to content himself with rescuing the fleet, without farther pursuit of the enemy. The armour, horses, soldiers, and officers of Achilles are described. Achilles offers a libation for the success of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans at the sight of Patroclus in Achilles's armour, taking him for that hero, are cast into the utmost consternation: he beats them off from the vessels, Hector himself flies, Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averse to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are described; in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, pursues the foe to the walls of Troy; where Apollo repulses and disarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him: which concludes the book.



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BOOK XVI.

So warr'd both armies on th' ensanguin'd shore,
While the black vessels smok'd with human gore.
Meantime Patroclus to Achilles flies;
The streaming tears fall copious from his eyes;
Not faster, trickling to the plains below,
From the tall rock the sable waters flow.
Divine Pelides, with compassion mov'd,
Thus spoke, indulgent, to his best belov'd.

Patroclus, say, what grief thy bosom bears,
That flows so fast in these unmanly tears?
No girl, no infant whom the mother keeps
From her lov'd breast, with fonder passion weeps;
Not more the mother's soul that infant warms,
Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,
Than thou hast mine! Oh tell me, to what end
Thy melting sorrows thus pursue thy friend?

Griev'st thou for me, or for my martial band?
Or come sad tidings from our native land?
Our fathers live (our first, most tender care),
Thy good Menœtius breathes the vital air,

And hoary Peleus yet extends his days;
Pleas'd in their age to hear their children's praise.

Or may some meaner cause thy pity claim?
Perhaps you réliques of the Grecian name,
Doom'd in their ships to sink by fire and sword,
And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord?
Whate'er the cause, reveal thy secret care,
And speak those sorrows which a friend would share.

A sigh that instant from his bosom broke,
Another follow'd, and Patroclus spoke.

Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breast,
Thyself a Greek; and, once, of Greeks the best!
Lo! ev'ry chief that might her fate prevent,
Lies pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent:
Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' son,
And wise Ulysses, at the navy groan,
More for their country's wounds, than for their own.
Their pain soft arts of pharmacy can ease,
Thy breast alone no lenitives appease.

May never rage like thine my soul enslave,
O great in vain! unprofitably brave!
Thy country slighted in her last distress,
What friend, what man, from thee shall hope redress?

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No—men unborn, and ages yet behind,
Shall curse that fierce, that unforgiving mind.
O man unpitying! if of man thy race;
But sure thou spring'st not from a soft embrace,
Nor ever am'rous hero caus'd thy birth,
Nor ever tender goddess brought thee forth:
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging seas produc'd thee in a storm,
A soul well-suiting that tempestuous kind,
So rough thy manners, so untam'd thy mind.
If some dire oracle thy breast alarm,
If aught from Jove, or Thetis, stop thy arm,
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine
If I but lead the Myrmidonian line:
Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,
Proud Troy shall tremble, and desert the war:
Without thy person Greece shall win the day,
And thy mere image chase her foes away.
Press'd by fresh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall quit the ships, and Greece respire again.
Thus, blind to fate! with supplicating breath,
Thou begg'st his arms, and in his arms thy death.
Unfortunately good! a boding sigh
Thy friend return'd; and with it this reply.

Patroclus! thy Achilles knows no fears;
Nor words from Jove, nor oracles he hears;
Nor aught a mother's caution can suggest;
The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breast.
My wrongs, my wrongs, my constant thought engage,
Those, my sole oracles, inspire my rage:
I made him tyrant: gâve him pow'r to wrong
E'en me: I felt it; and shall feel it long.
The maid, my black-ey'd maid, he forc'd away,
Due to the toils of many a well-fought day;
Due to my conquest of her father's reign;
Due to the votes of all the Grecian train.
From me he forc'd her; me, the bold and brave;
Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the meanest slave.
But bear we this—the wrongs I grieve are past;
'Tis time our fury should relent at last:
I fix'd its date; the day I wish'd appears:
Now Hector to my ships his battle bears,
The flames my eyes, the shouts invade my ears.
Go then, Patroclus! court fair honour's charms
In Troy's fam'd fields, and in Achilles' arms:
Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight,
Go save the fleets, and conquer in my right.

See the thin reliques of their baffled band
At the last edge of yon deserted land!
Behold all Ilion on their ships descends;
How the cloud blackens, how the storm impends!
It was not thus, when, at my sight amaz'd,
Troy saw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd:
Had not th' injurious king our friendship lost,
Yon ample trench had buried half her host.
No camps, no bulwarks now the Trojans fear,
Those are not dreadful, no Achilles there;
No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' son;
No more your gen'ral calls his heroes on;
Hector, alone, I hear; his dreadful breath
Commands your slaughter, or proclaims your death.
Yet now, Patroclus, issue to the plain;
Now save the ships, the rising fires restrain,
And give the Greeks to visit Greece again.
But heed my words, and mark a friend's command,
Who trusts his fame and honours in thy hand,
And from thy deeds expects th'Achaian host
Shall render back the beauteous maid he lost:
Rage uncontroll'd through all the hostile crew,
But touch not Hector, Hector is my due.
Though Jove in thunder should command the war,
Be just, consult my glory, and forbear.

The fleet once sav'd, desist from farther chace,
Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race;
Some adverse god thy rashness may destroy;
Some god, like Phœbus, ever kind to Troy.
Let Greece, redeem'd from this destructive strait,
Do her own work; and leave the rest to fate.
O! would to all th' immortal pow'rs above,
Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove!
That not one Trojan might be left alive,
And not a Greek of all the race survive:
Might only we the vast destruction shun,
And only we destroy th' accursed town!
Such conf'rence held the chiefs; while on the strand
Great Jove with conquest crown'd theTrojan band.
Ajax no more the sounding storm sustain'd,
So thick the darts an iron tempest rain'd:
On his tir'd arm the weighty buckler hung;
His hollow helm with falling jav'lins rung;
His breath, in quick, short pantings, comes, and goes;
And painful sweat from all his members flows.
Spent and o'erpow'r'd, he barely breathes at most;
Yet scarce an army stirs him from his post:

Dangers on dangers all around him grow,
And toil to toil, and woe succeeds to woe.
    Say, muses, thron'd above the starry frame,
How first the navy blaz'd with Trojan flame?
    Stern Hector wav'd his sword: and standing near
Where furious Ajax ply'd his ashen spear,
Full on the lance a stroke so justly sped,
That the broad falchion lopp'd its brazen head:
His pointless spear the warrior shakes in vain;
The brazen head falls sounding on the plain.
Great Ajax saw, and own'd the hand divine,
Confessing Jove, and trembling at the sign;
Warn'd, he retreats. Then swift from all sides pour
The hissing brands; thick streams the fiery show'r;
O'er the high stern the curling volumes rise,
And sheets of rolling smoke involve the skies.
    Divine Achilles view'd the rising flames,
And smote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims.
Arm, arm, Patroclus! Lo, the blaze aspires!
The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.
Arm, ere our vessels catch the spreading flame;
Arm, ere the Grecians be no more a name;
I haste to bring the troops—The hero said;

He cas'd his limbs in brass; and first around
His manly legs with silver buckles bound
The clasping greaves; then to his breast applies
The flaming cuirass, of a thousand dyes;
Emblaz'd with studs of gold his falchion shone
In the rich belt, as in a starry zone:
Achilles' shield his ample shoulders spread,
Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head:
Adorn'd in all his terrible array,
He flash'd around intolerable day.
Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' jav'lin stands,
Not to be pois'd but by Pelides' hands:
From Pelion's shady brow the plant entire
Old Chiron rent, and shap'd it for his sire;
Whose son's great arm alone the weapon wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.

Then brave Automedon (an honour'd name,
The second to his lord in love and fame,
In peace his friend, and partner of the war)
The winged coursers harness'd to the car;

Xanthus and Balius, of immortal breed,
Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in speed;
Whom the wing'd harpy, swift Podarge, bore,
By zephyr pregnant on the breezy shore:

Swift Pedasus was added to their side,
(Once great Aëtion's, now Achilles' pride)
Who, like in strength, in swiftness, and in grace,
A mortal courser, match'd th' immortal race.

Achilles speeds from tent to tent, and warms
His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.
All breathing death, around the chief they stand,
A grim, terrific, formidable band:
Grim as voracious wolves, that seek the springs
When scalding thirst their burning bowels wrings;
When some tall stag, fresh-slaughter'd in the wood,
Has drench'd their wide insatiate throats with blood,
To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng,
With paunch distended, and with lolling tongue,
Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore,
And gorg'd with slaughter still they thirst for more.
Like furious rush'd the Myrmidonian crew,
Such their dread strength, and such their deathful view.

High in the midst the great Achilles stands,
Directs their order, and the war commands.
He, lov'd of Jove, had launch'd for Ilion's shores
Full fifty vessels, mann'd with fifty oars:
Five chosen leaders the fierce bands obey,
Himself supreme in valour, as in sway.

First march'd Menèstheus, of celestial birth,
Deriv'd from thee, whose waters wash the earth,
Divine Sperchius! Jove-descended flood!
A mortal mother mixing with a god.
Such was Menestheus, but miscall'd by fame
The son of Borus, that espous'd the dame.
Eudorus next; whom Polymele the gay,
Fam'd in the graceful dance, produc'd to day.
Her, sly Cellenius lov'd; on her would gaze,
As with swift step she form'd the running maze:
To her high chamber from Diana's quire,
The god pursu'd her, urg'd, and crown'd his fire.
The son confess'd his father's heav'nly race,
And heir'd his mother's swiftness in the chace.
Strong Echecleüs, bless'd in all those charms
That pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms;
Not conscious of those loves, long hid from fame,
With gifts of price he sought and won the dame;
Her secret offspring to her sire she bare;
Her sire caress'd him with a parent's care.
Pisander follow'd; matchless in his art
To wing the spear, or aim the distant dart;
No hand so sure of all th' Emathian line,
Or if a surer, great Patroclus! thine.

The fourth by Phœnix' grave command was grac'd;
Laërces' valiant offspring led the last.

Soon as Achilles with superior care
Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,
This stern remembrance to his troops he gave:
Ye far-fam'd Myrmidons, ye fierce and brave!
Think with what threats you dar'd the Trojan throng,
Think what reproach these ears endur'd so long;
" Stern son of Peleus," (thus ye us'd to say,
While restless, raging, in your ships you lay)
" O nurs'd with gall, unknowing how to yield;
Whose rage defrauds us of so fam'd a field:
If that dire fury must for ever burn,
What make we here? Return, ye chiefs, return!"
Such were your words—Now warriors grieve no more,
Lo there the Trojans! bathe your swords in gore!
This day shall give you all your soul demands,
Glut all your hearts, and weary all your hands!

Thus while he rous'd the fire in ev'ry breast,
Close and more close, the list'ning cohorts prest;
Ranks wedg'd in ranks; of arms a steely ring
Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round the king.

As when a circling wall the builder forms,
Of strength defensive against winds and storms,
Compacted stones the thick'ning work compose;
And round him wide the rising structure grows:
So helm to helm, and crest to crest they throng,
Shield urg'd on shield, and man drove man along;
Thick, undistinguish'd plumes, together join'd,
Float in one sea, and wave before the wind.

Far o'er the rest, in glitt'ring pomp appear
There bold Automedon, Patroclus here;
Brothers in arms, with equal fury fir'd;
Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspir'd.

But mindful of the gods, Achilles went
To the rich coffer in his shady tent:
There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd,
And costly furs, and carpets stiff with gold.
(The presents of the silver-footed dame)
From thence he took a bowl, of antique frame,
Which never man had stain'd with ruddy wine,
Nor rais'd in off'rings to the pow'rs divine,
But Peleus' son; and Peleus' son to none
Had rais'd in off'rings, but to Jove alone.
This ting'd with sulphur, sacred first to flame,
He purg'd; and wash'd it in the running stream.

Then cleans'd his hands; and fixing for a space
His eyes on heav'n, his feet upon the place
Of sacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd
Forth in the midst; and thus the god implor'd.
O thou supreme! high-thron'd all height above!
O great Pelasgic, Dodonæan Jove!
Who 'midst surrounding frosts, and vapours chill,
Presid'st on bleak Dodona's vocal hill:
(Whose groves the Selli, race austere! surround,
Their feet unwash'd, their slumbers on the ground;
Who hear, from rustling oaks, thy dark decrees;
And catch the fates, low-whisper'd in the breeze.)
Hear, as of old! Thou gav'st, at Thetis' pray'r,
Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair.
Lo, to the dangers of the fighting field
The best, the dearest of my friends, I yield:
Though still determin'd, to my ships confin'd;
Patroclus gone, I stay but half behind.
O! be his guard thy providential care,
Confirm his heart, and string his arm to war:
Press'd by his single force let Hector see
His fame in arms not-owing all to me.
But when the fleets are sav'd from foes and fire,
Let him with conquest and renown retire;

Preserve his arms, preserve his social train,
And safe return him to these eyes again!
Great Jove consents to half the chief's request;
But heav'n's eternal doom denies the rest;
To free the fleet was granted to his pray'r;
His safe return, the winds dispers'd in air.
Back to his tent the stern Achilles flies,
And waits the combat with impatient eyes.

Meanwhile the troops beneath Patroclus' care,
Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.
As wasps, provok'd by children in their play,
Pour from their mansions by the broad highway,
In swarms the guiltless traveller engage,
Wet all their stings, and call forth all their rage:
All rise in arms, and with a gen'ral cry
Assert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.
Thus from the tents the fervent legion swarms,
So loud their clamours, and so keen their arms:
Their rising rage Patroclus' breath inspires,
Who thus inflames them with heroic fires.

O warriors, partners of Achilles' praise!
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days:
Your godlike master let your acts proclaim,
And add new glories to his mighty name.

Think your Achilles sees you fight: be brave,
And humble the proud monarch whom you save.
Joyful they heard, and kindling as he spoke,
Flew to the fleet, involv'd in fire and smoke.
From shore to shore the doubling shouts resound,
The hollow ships return a deeper sound.
The war stood still, and all around them gaz'd,
When great Achilles' shining armour blaz'd:
Troy saw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh,
At once they see, they tremble, and they fly.
Then first thy spear, divine Patroclus! flew,
Where the war rag'd, and where the tumult grew.
Close to the stern of that fam'd ship which bore
Unbless'd Protesilaus to Ilion's shore,
The great Pæonian, bold Pyræchmes, stood;
(Who led his bands from Axius' winding flood)
His shoulder-blade receives the fatal wound;
The groaning warrior pants upon the ground.
His troops, that see their country's glory slain,
Fly diverse, scatter'd o'er the distant plain.
Patroclus' arm forbids the spreading fires,
And from the half-burn'd ship proud Troy retires:
Clear'd from the smoke the joyful navy lies:
In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies;

Triumphant Greece her rescu'd decks ascends,
And loud acclaim the starry region rends.
So when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,
O'er heav'n's expanse like one black ceiling spread;
Sudden the thund'rer, with a flashing ray,
Bursts thro' the darkness, and lets down the day:
The hills shine out, the rocks in prospect rise,
And streams, and vales, and forests, strike the eyes;
The smiling scene wide opens to the sight,
And all th' unmeasur'd ether flames with light.

But Troy repuls'd, and scatter'd o'er the plains,
Forc'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.
Now ev'ry Greek some hostile hero slew,
But still the foremost, bold Patroclus flew:
As Areïlycus had turn'd him round,
Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound
The brazen-pointed spear, with vigour thrown,
The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone:
Headlong he fell. Next Thoas was thy chance;
Thy breast, unarm'd, receiv'd the Spartan lance.
Phylides' dart (as Amphilus drew nigh)
His blow prevented, and transpierc'd his thigh,
Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away;
In darkness, and in death, the warrior lay.

In equal arms two sons of Nestor stand,
And two bold brothers of the Lycian band:
By great Antilochus, Atymnus dies,
Pierc'd in the flank, lamented youth! he lies.
Kind Maris, bleeding in his brother's wound,
Defends the breathless carcase on the ground;
Furious he flies, his murd'rer to engage:
But godlike Thrasimed prevents his rage,
Between his arm and shoulder aims a blow;
His arm falls spouting on the dust below:
He sinks, with endless darkness cover'd o'er;
And vents his soul, effus'd with gushing gore.

Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,
Sarpedon's friends, Amisodarus' seed;
Amisodarus, who, by furies led,
The bane of men, abhorr'd Chimæra bred;
Skill'd in the dart in vain, his sons expire,
And pay the forfeit of their guilty sire.

Stopp'd in the tumult Cleobulus lies,
Beneath Oïleus' arm, a living prize;
A living prize not long the Trojan stood;
The thirsty falchion drank his reeking blood:
Plung'd in his throat the smoking weapon lies;
Black death, and fate unpitying, seal his eyes.

Amid the ranks, with mutual thirst of fame,
Lycon the brave, and fierce Peneleus came;
In vain their jav'lins at each other flew,
Now, met in arms, their eager swords they drew.
On the plum'd crest of his Bœotian foe
The daring Lycon aim'd a noble blow;
The sword broke short; but his, Peneleus sped
Full on the juncture of the neck and head:
The head, divided by a stroke so just,
Hung by the skin: the body sunk to dust.
O'ertaken Neamas by Merion bleeds,
Pierc'd thro' the shoulder as he mounts his steeds;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground:
His swimming eyes eternal shades surround.
Next Erymas was doom'd his fate to feel,
His open'd mouth receiv'd the Cretan steel:
Beneath the brain the point a passage tore,
Crash'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth in gore:
His mouth, his eyes, his nostrils, pour a flood;
He sobs his soul out in the gush of blood.
As when the flocks neglected by the swain
(Or kids, or lambs) lie scatter'd o'er the plain,
A troop of wolves th' unguarded charge survey,
And rend the trembling, unresisting prey:

Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came;
Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame.
But still at Hector godlike Ajax aim'd,
Still, pointed at his breast, his jav'lin flam'd.
The Trojan chief, experienc'd in the field,
O'er his broad shoulders spread the massy shield,
Observ'd the storm of darts the Grecians pour,
And on his buckler caught the ringing show'r:
He sees for Greece the scale of conquest rise,
Yet stops, and turns, and saves his lov'd allies.

As when the hand of Jove a tempest forms,
And rolls the cloud to blacken heav'n with storms,
Dark o'er the fields th' ascending vapour flies,
And shades the sun, and blots the golden skies:
So from the ships, along the dusky plain,
Dire flight and terror drove the Trojan train.
E'en Hector fled; through heaps of disarray
The fiery coursers forc'd their lord away:
While far behind his Trojans fall confus'd;
Wedg'd in the trench, in one vast carnage bruis'd:
Chariots on chariots roll; the clashing spokes
Shock; while the madding steeds break short their yokes:
In vain they labour up the steepy mound;
Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground.

Fierce on their rear, with shouts, Patroclus flies;
Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and skies;
Thick drifts of dust involve their rapid flight;
Clouds rise on clouds, and heav'n is snatch'd from sight.
Th' affrighted steeds, their dying lords cast down,
Scour o'er the fields, and stretch to reach the town.
Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry,
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickest die,
Where horse and arms, and chariots lie o'erthrown,
And bleeding heroes under axles groan.
No stop, no check, the steeds of Peleus knew;
From bank to bank th' immortal coursers flew,
High-bounding o'er the fosse: the whirling car
Smokes thro' the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war,
And thunders after Hector: Hector flies,
Patroclus shakes his lance; but fate denies.
Not with less noise, with less impetuous force,
The tide of Trojans urge their desp'rate course,
Than when in autumn Jove his fury pours,
And earth is loaden with incessant show'rs;
(When guilty mortals break th' eternal laws,
Or judges, brib'd, betray the righteous cause)
From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise,
And opens all the flood-gates of the skies:

Th' impetuous torrents from their hills obey,
Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains swept away;
Loud roars the deluge till it meets the main;
And trembling man sees all his labours vain.
And now the chief (the foremost troops repell'd)
Back to the ships his destin'd progress held,
Bore down half Troy in his resistless way,
And forc'd the routed ranks to stand the day.
Between the space where silver Simois flows,
Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires rose,
All grim in dust and blood, Patroclus stands,
And turns the slaughter on the conqu'ring bands.
First Pronous died beneath his fiery dart,
Which pierc'd below the shield his valiant heart.
Thestor was next, who saw the chief appear,
And fell the victim of his coward fear;
Shrunk up he sat, with wild and haggard eye,
Nor stood to combat, nor had force to fly:
Patroclus mark'd him as he shunn'd the war,
And with unmanly tremblings shook the car,
And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the jaws
The jav'lin sticks, and from the chariot draws.
As on a rock that overhangs the main,
An angler, studious of the line and cane,

Some mighty fish draws panting to the shore:
Not with less ease the barbed jav'lin bore
The gaping dastard: as the spear was shook,
He fell, and life his heartless breast forsook.
Next on Eryalus he flies; a stone,
Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown:
Full on his crown the pond'rous fragment flew,
And burst the helm, and cleft the head in two:
Prone to the ground the breathless warrior fell,
And death involv'd him with the shades of hell.
Then low in dust Epaltes, Echius, lie;
Ipheas, Evippus, Polymelus, die;
Amphoterus and Erymas succeed;
And last Tlepolemus and Pyres bleed.
Where'er he moves, the glowing slaughters spread
In heaps on heaps; a monument of dead.
When now Sarpedon his brave friends beheld
Grov'ling in dust, and gasping on the field,
With this reproach his flying host he warms:
Oh stain to honour! oh disgrace to arms!
Forsake, inglorious, the contended plain;
This hand, unaided, shall the war sustain:
The task be mine, this hero's strength to try,
Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly.

He spake; and, speaking, leaps from off the car:
Pátroclus lights, and sternly waits the war.
As when two vultures on the mountain's height
Stoop with resounding pinions to the fight;
They cuff, they tear, they raise a screaming cry;
The desert echoes, and the rocks reply:
The warriors thus oppos'd in arms, engage
With equal clamours, and with equal rage.

Jove view'd the combat; whose event foreseen,
He thus bespoke his sister and his queen:
The hour draws on; the destinies ordain,
My godlike son shall press the Phrygian plain:
Already on the verge of death he stands,
His life is ow'd to fierce Patroclus' hands.
What passions in a parent's breast debate!
Say, shall I snatch him from impending fate,
And send him safe to Lycia, distant far
From all the dangers and the toils of war;
Or to his doom my bravest offspring yield,
And fatten, with celestial blood, the field?

Then thus the goddess with the radiant eyes:
What words are these? O sov'reign of the skies!
Short is the date prescrib'd to mortal man;
Shall Jove, for one, extend the narrow span,
Whose bounds were fix'd before his race began?

How many sons of gods, foredoom'd to death,
Before proud Ilion, must resign their breath!
Were thine exempt, debate would rise above;
And murm'ring pow'rs condemn their partial Jove.
Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight;
And when th' ascending soul has wing'd her flight,
Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,
The breathless body to his native land.
His friends and people, to his future praise,
A marble tomb and pyramid shall raise,
And lasting honours to his ashes give;
His fame ('tis all the dead can have) shall live.
She said: the cloud-compeller overcome,
Assents to fate, and ratifies the doom.
Then, touch'd with grief, the weeping heav'ns distill'd
A show'r of blood o'er all the fatal field:
The god, his eyes averting from the plain,
Laments his son, predestin'd to be slain,
Far from the Lycian shores, his happy native reign.
Now met in arms, the combatants appear,
Each heav'd the shield, and pois'd the lifted spear:
From strong Patroclus' hand the jav'lin fled,
And pass'd the groin of valiant Thrasymed;

The nerves unbrac'd, no more his bulk sustain,
He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.
Two sounding darts the Lycian leader threw;
The first aloof with erring fury flew,
The next transpierc'd Achilles' mortal steed,
The gen'rous Pedasus of Theban breed,
Fix'd in the shoulder's joint; he reel'd around,
Roll'd in the bloody dust, and paw'd the slipp'ry ground.
His sudden fall th' entangled harness broke;
Each axle crackled, and the chariot shook:
When bold Automedon, to disengage
The starting coursers, and restrain their rage,
Divides the traces with his sword, and freed
Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying steed:
The rest move on, obedient to the rein;
The car rolls slowly o'er the dusty plain.

The tow'ring chiefs to fiercer fight advance;
And first Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance,
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
And spent in empty air its dying force.
Not so Patroclus' never-erring dart;
Aim'd at his breast, it pierc'd the mortal part,
Where the strong fibres bind the solid heart.

Then, as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine (fit mast for some great admiral)
Nods to the ax, till with a groaning sound
It sinks, and spreads its honours on the ground:
Thus fell the king; and laid on earth supine,
Before his chariot stretch'd his form divine:
He grasp'd the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
And pale in death, lay groaning on the shore.
So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,
While the grim savage grinds with foamy jaws
The trembling limbs, and sucks the smoking blood;
Deep groans, and hollow roars, rebellow through
the wood.

Then to the leader of the Lycian band
The dying chief address'd his last command:
Glaucus, be bold; thy task be first to dare
The glorious dangers of destructive war,
To lead my troops, to combat at their head,
Incite the living, and supply the dead.
Tell 'em, I charg'd them with my latest breath
Not unreveng'd to bear Sarpedon's death.
What grief, what shame, must Glaucus undergo,
If these spoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe?
Then as a friend, and as a warrior, fight;
Defend my body, conquer in my right;

That, taught by great examples, all may try
Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die.
He ceas'd; the fates suppress'd his lab'ring breath,
And his eyes darken'd with the shades of death.
Th' insulting victor with disdain bestrode
The prostrate prince, and on his bosom trod;
Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,
The reeking fibres clinging to the dart;
From the wide wound gush'd out a stream of blood,
And the soul issu'd in the purple flood.
His flying steeds the Myrmidons detain,
Unguided now, their mighty master slain.
All-impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief,
Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief:
His painful arm, yet useless with the smart
Inflicted late by Teucer's deadly dart,
Supported on his better hand he staid;
To Phœbus then ('twas all he could) he pray'd:
All-seeing monarch! whether Lycia's coast,
Or sacred Ilion, thy bright presence boast,
Pow'rful alike to ease the wretch's smart;
O hear me! god of ev'ry healing art!
Lo! stiff with clotted blood, and pierc'd with pain,
That thrills my arm, and shoots thro' ev'ry vein,

I stand unable to sustain the spear,
And sigh, at distance from the glorious war.
Low in the dust is great Sarpedon laid,
Nor Jove vouchsaf'd his hapless offspring aid.
But thou, O god of health! thy succour lend,
To guard the reliques of my slaughter'd friend:
For thou, though distant, canst restore my might,
To head my Lycians, and support the fight.
Apollo heard; and, suppliant as he stood,
His heav'nly hand restrain'd the flux of blood:
He drew the dolours from the wounded part,
And breath'd a spirit in his rising heart.
Renew'd by art divine, the hero stands,
And owns th' assistance of immortal hands.
First to the fight his native troops he warms,
Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms;
With ample strides he stalks from place to place;
Now fires Agenor, now Polydamas;
Æneas next, and Hector he accosts;
Inflaming thus the rage of all their hosts.
What thoughts, regardless chief! thy breast employ?
Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy!
Those gen'rous friends, who from their country far,
Breathe their brave souls out in another's war.

See! where in dust the great Sarpedon lies,
In action valiant, and in council wise,
Who guarded right, and kept his people free;
To all his Lycians lost, and lost to thee!
Stretch'd by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains,
O save from hostile rage his lov'd remains!
Ah let not Greece his conquer'd trophies boast,
Nor on his corse revenge her heroes lost!

He spoke; each leader in his grief partook;
Troy, at the loss, through all her legions shook.
Transfix'd with deep regret, they view o'erthrown
At once his country's pillar, and their own;
A chief, who led to Troy's beleaguer'd wall
A host of heroes, and outshin'd them all.
Fir'd, they rush on; first Hector seeks the foes,
And with superior vengeance greatly glows.

But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus stands,
And rousing Ajax, rous'd the list'ning bands.

Heroes, be men! be what you were before;
Or weigh the great occasion, and be more.
The chief who taught our lofty walls to yield,
Lies pale in death, extended on the field.
To guard his body Troy in numbers flies;
'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.

Haste, strip his arms, the slaughter round him spread,
And send the living Lycians to the dead.
The heroes kindle at his fierce command:
The martial squadrons close on either hand:
Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud alarms,
Thessalia there, and Greece, oppose their arms.
With horrid shouts they circle round the slain;
The clash of armour rings o'er all the plain.
Great Jove, to swell the horrors of the fight,
O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious night,
And round his son confounds the warring hosts,
His fate ennobling with a crowd of ghosts.

Now Greece gives way, and great Epigeus falls;
Agacleus' son, from Budium's lofty walls;
Who chas'd for murder thence, a suppliant came
To Peleus, and the silver-footed dame;
Now sent to Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,
He pays due vengeance to his kinsman's shade.
Soon as his luckless hand had touch'd the dead,
A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head;
Hurl'd by Hectorean force, it cleft in twain
His shatter'd helm, and stretch'd him o'er the slain.

Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came;
And, like an eagle darting at his game,

Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band.
What grief thy heart, what fury urg'd thy hand,
O gen'rous Greek! when with full vigour thrown,
At Sthenelaüs flew the weighty stone,
Which sunk him to the dead: when Troy, too near
That arm, drew back; and Hector learn'd to fear?
Far as an able hand a lance can throw,
Or at the lists, or at the fighting foe;
So far the Trojans from their lines retir'd;
Till Glaucus turning, all the rest inspir'd.
Then Bathyclæus fell beneath his rage,
The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age:
Wide o'er the land was stretch'd his large domain,
With stately seats, and riches, blest in vain:
Him, bold with youth, and eager to pursue
The flying Lycians, Glaucus met, and slew;
Pierc'd through the bosom with a sudden wound,
He fell, and falling, made the fields resound.
Th' Achaians sorrow for their hero slain;
With conqu'ring shouts the Trojans shake the plain,
And crowd to spoil the dead: the Greeks oppose;
An iron circle round the carcase grows.
Then brave Laogonus resign'd his breath,
Dispatch'd by Merion to the shades of death:

On Ida's holy hill he made abode,
The priest of Jove, and honour'd like his god.
Between the jaw and ear the jav'lin went;
The soul, exhaling, issu'd at the vent.
His spear Æneas at the victor threw,
Who stooping forward from the death withdrew;
The lance hiss'd harmless o'er his cov'ring shield,
And trembling struck, and rooted in the field;
There yet scarce spent, it quivers on the plain,
Sent by the great Æneas' arm in vain.
Swift as thou art (the raging hero cries)
And skill'd in dancing to dispute the prize,
My spear, the destin'd passage had it found,
Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.
O valiant leader of the Dardan host!
(Insulted Merion thus retorts the boast)
Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you trust,
An arm as strong may stretch thee in the dust.
And if to this my lance thy fate be giv'n,
Vain are thy vaunts; success is still from heav'n:
This, instant, sends thee down to Pluto's coast;
Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghost.
O friend (Menœtius' son this answer gave)
With words to combat, ill befits the brave;

Not empty boasts the sons of Troy repell,
Your swords must plunge them to the shades of hell.
To speak, beseems the council; but to dare
In glorious action, is the task of war.
This said, Patroclus to the battle flies;
Great Merion follows, and new shouts arise:
Shields, helmets rattle, as the warriors close;
And thick and heavy sounds the storm of blows.
As through the shrilling vale, or mountain ground,
The labours of the woodman's ax resound;
Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide,
While crackling forests fall on ev'ry side:
Thus echo'd all the fields with loud alarms,
So fell the warriors, and so rung their arms.
Now great Sarpedon on the sandy shore,
His heav'nly form defac'd with dust and gore,
And stuck with darts by warring heroes shed,
Lies undistinguish'd from the vulgar dead.
His long-disputed corse the chiefs inclose,
On ev'ry side the busy combat grows;
Thick as beneath some shepherd's thatch'd abode,
(The pails high foaming with a milky flood)
The buzzing flies, a persevering train,
Incessant swarm, and chas'd return again.

Jove view'd the combat with a stern survey,
And eyes that flash'd intolerable day.
Fix'd on the field his sight, his breast debates
The vengeance due, and meditates the fates:
Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call
The force of Hector to Patroclus' fall,
This instant see his short-liv'd trophies won,
And stretch him breathless on his slaughter'd son;
Or yet, with many a soul's untimely flight,
Augment the fame and horror of the fight.
To crown Achilles' valiant friend with praise
At length he dooms; and that his last of days
Shall set in glory; bids him drive the foe;
Nor unattended, see the shades below.
Then Hector's mind he fills with dire dismay;
He mounts his car, and calls his hosts away,
Sunk with Troy's heavy fates, he sees decline
The scales of Jove, and pants with awe divine.

Then, nor before, the hardy Lycians fled,
And left their monarch with the common dead:
Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall
Of carnage rises, as the heroes fall.
(So Jove decreed!) At length the Greeks obtain
The prize contested, and despoil the slain.

The radiant arms are by Patroclus borne;
Patroclus' ships the glorious spoils adorn.
Then thus to Phœbus, in the realms above,
Spoke from his throne the cloud-compelling Jove.
Descend, my Phœbus! on the Phrygian plain,
And from the fight convey Sarpedon slain;
Then bathe his body in the crystal flood,
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with blood;
O'er all his limbs ambrosial odours shed,
And with celestial robes adorn the dead.
Those rites discharg'd, his sacred corse bequeath
To the soft arms of silent Sleep and Death.
They to his friends the mournful charge shall bear;
His friends a tomb and pyramid shall rear:
What honours mortals after death receive,
Those unavailing honours we may give!
Apollo bows, and from mount Ida's height,
Swift to the field precipitates his flight;
Thence from the war the breathless hero bore,
Veil'd in a cloud, to silver Simoïs' shore;
There bath'd his honourable wounds, and drest
His manly members in th' immortal vest;
And with perfumes of sweet ambrosial dews
Restores his freshness, and his form renews.

Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace,
Receiv'd Sarpedon, at the god's command,
And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land;
The corse amidst his weeping friends they laid,
Where endless honours wait the sacred shade.

Meanwhile Patroclus pours along the plains,
With foaming coursers, and with loosen'd reins.
Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew,
Ah blind to fate! thy headlong fury flew:
Against what fate and pow'rful Jove ordain,
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain:
For he, the god, whose counsels uncontroll'd
Dismay the mighty, and confound the bold;
The god who gives, resumes, and orders all,
He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.

Who first, brave hero! by that arm was slain,
Who last beneath thy vengeance press'd the plain;
When heav'n itself thy fatal fury led,
And call'd to fill the number of the dead?
Adrestus first; Autonous then succeeds;
Echeclus follows; next young Megas bleeds;
Epistor, Menalippus, bite the ground;
The slaughter, Elasus and Mulius crown'd:

Then sunk Pylartes to eternal night;
The rest, dispersing, trust their fates to flight.
Now Troy had stoop'd beneath his matchless pow'r,
But flaming Phœbus kept the sacred tow'r.
Thrice at the battlements Patroclus strook;
His blazing ægis thrice Apollo shook:
He tried the fourth; when, bursting from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud.
Patroclus! cease; this heav'n-defended wall
Defies thy lance; not fated yet to fall;
Thy friend, thy greater far, it shall withstand,
Troy shall not stoop e'en to Achilles' hand.
So spoke the god who darts celestial fires;
The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires:
While Hector checking at the Scæan gates
His panting coursers, in his breast debates,
Or in the field his forces to employ,
Or draw the troops within the walls of Troy.
Thus while he thought, beside him Phœbus stood,
In Asius' shape, who reign'd by Sangar's flood;
(Thy brother, Hecuba! from Dymas sprung,
A valiant warrior, haughty, bold, and young)
Thus he accosts him: What a shameful sight!
Gods! is it Hector that forbears the fight?

Were thine my vigour, this successful spear
Should soon convince thee of so false a fear.
Turn thee, ah turn thee to the field of fame,
And in Patroclus' blood efface thy shame.
Perhaps Apollo shall thy arms succeed,
And heav'n ordains him by thy lance to bleed.

So spoke th' inspiring god; then took his flight,
And plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight.
He bids Cebrion drive the rapid car;
The lash resounds, the coursers rush to war.
The god the Grecians' sinking souls deprest,
And pour'd swift spirits thro' each Trojan breast.
Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight;
A spear his left, a stone employs his right:
With all his nerves he drives it at the foe;
Pointed above, and rough and gross below:
The falling ruin crush'd Cebrion's head,
The lawless offspring of king Priam's bed;
His front, brows, eyes, one undistinguish'd wound:
The bursting balls drop sightless to the ground.
The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,
Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.
To the dark shades the soul unwilling glides,
While the proud victor thus his fall derides.

Good heav'ns! what active feats yon artist shows!
What skilful divers are our Phrygian foes!
Mark with what ease they sink into the sand!
Pity! that all their practice is by land.
Then rushing sudden on his prostrate prize,
To spoil the carcase fierce Patroclus flies:
Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,
That sweeps the fields, depopulates the fold;
Pierc'd through the dauntless heart, then tumbles slain,
And from his fatal courage finds his bane.
At once bold Hector leaping from his car,
Defends the body, and provokes the war.
Thus for some slaughter'd hind, with equal rage,
Two lordly rulers of the wood engage;
Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,
And echoing roars rebellow through the shades.
Stern Hector fastens on the warrior's head,
And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead:
While all around, confusion, rage, and fright,
Mix the contending hosts in mortal fight.
So pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud
In the deep bosom of some gloomy wood;

Leaves, arms, and trees, aloft in air are blown,
The broad oaks crackle, and the silvans groan;
This way and that the rattling thicket bends,
And the whole forest in one crash descends.
Not with less noise, with less tumultuous rage,
In dreadful shock the mingled hosts engage.
Darts show'r'd on darts, now round the carcase ring;
Now flights of arrows bounding from the string:
Stones follow stones; some clatter on the fields,
Some hard, and heavy, shake the sounding shields.
But where the rising whirlwind clouds the plains,
Sunk in soft dust the mighty chief remains,
And, stretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins!
Now flaming from the zenith, Sol had driv'n
His fervid orb through half the vault of heav'n;
While on each host with equal tempest fell
The show'ring darts, and numbers sunk to hell.
But when his ev'ning wheels o'erhung the main,
Glad conquest rested on the Grecian train.
Then from amidst the tumult and alarms,
They draw the conquer'd corse, and radiant arms.
Then rash Patroclus with new fury glows,
And breathing slaughter, pours amid the foes.

Thrice on the press like Mars himself he flew,
And thrice three heroes at each onset slew.
There ends thy glory! there the fates untwine
The last, black, remnant of so bright a line;
Apollo dreadful stops thy middle way;
Death calls, and heav'n allows no longer day!

For lo! the god in dusky clouds enshrin'd,
Approaching dealt a stagg'ring blow behind.
The weighty shock his neck and shoulders feel;
His eyes flash sparkles, his stunn'd senses reel
In giddy darkness: far to distance flung,
His bounding helmet on the champaign rung.
Achilles' plume is stain'd with dust and gore;
That plume which never stoop'd to earth before;
Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting fields to shine,
And shade the temples of the man divine.
Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod;
Not long—for fate pursues him, and the god.

His spear in shivers falls: his ample shield
Drops from his arm: his baldric strows the field:
The cors'let his astonish'd breast forsakes:
Loose is each joint; each nerve with horror shakes.
Stupid he stares, and all-assistless stands:
Such is the force of more than mortal hands!

A Dardan youth there was, well known to fame,
From Panthus sprung, Euphorbus was his name;
Fam'd for the manage of the foaming horse,
Skill'd in the dart, and matchless in the course:
Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car
While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.
His vent'rous spear first drew the hero's gore;
He struck, he wounded, but he durst no more;
Nor, though disarm'd, Patroclus' fury stood:
But swift withdrew the long-protended wood,
And turn'd him short, and herded in the crowd.
Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal spear,
Wounded at once, Patroclus yields to fear,
Retires for succour to his social train,
And flies the fate, which heav'n decreed, in vain.
Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he views,
Breaks through the ranks, and his retreat pursues:
The lance arrests him with a mortal wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.
With him all Greece was sunk; that moment all
Her yet-surviving heroes seem'd to fall.
So scorch'd with heat, along the desert shore,
The roaming lion meets a bristly boar,
Fast by the spring; they both dispute the flood,
With flaming eyes, and jaws besmear'd with blood;

At length the sov'reign savage wins the strife,
And the torn boar resigns his thirst and life.
Patroclus thus, so many chiefs o'erthrown,
So many lives effus'd, expires his own.
As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,
He sternly views him, and triumphing cries:
Lie there, Patroclus! and with thee, the joy
Thy pride once promis'd of subverting Troy;
The fancied scenes of Ilion wrapt in flames,
And thy soft pleasures serv'd with captive dames!
Unthinking man! I fought, those tow'rs to free,
And guard that beauteous race from lords like thee:
But thou a prey to vultures shalt be made;
Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid;
Though much at parting that great chief might say,
And much enjoin thee, this important day.
'Return not, my brave friend (perhaps he said)
Without the bloody arms of Hector dead.'
He spoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he sped!
Supine, and wildly gazing on the skies,
With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies:
Vain boaster! cease, and know the pow'rs divine;
Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine;

To heav'n is ow'd whate'er your own you call,
And heav'n itself disarm'd me ere my fall,
Had twenty mortals, each thy match in might,
Oppos'd me fairly, they had sunk in fight:
By fate and Phœbus was I first o'erthrown,
Euphorbus next; the third mean part thy own.
But thou, imperious! hear my latest breath;
The gods inspire it, and it sounds thy death:
Insulting man, thou shalt be soon, as I;
Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh;
E'en now on life's last verge I see thee stand,
I see thee fall, and by Achilles' hand.

He faints; the soul unwilling wings her way,
(The beauteous body left a load of clay)
Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coast;
A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghost!

Then Hector pausing, as his eyes he fed
On the pale carcase, thus address'd the dead:

From whence this boding speech, the stern decree
Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?
Why not as well Achilles' fate be giv'n
To Hector's lance? Who knows the will of heav'n?

Pensive he said; then pressing as he lay
His breathless bosom, tore the lance away;
And upwards cast the corpse: the reeking spear
He shakes, and charges the bold charioteer.
But swift Automedon with loosen'd reins
Rapt in the chariot o'er the distant plains,
Far from his rage th' immortal coursers drove;
Th' immortal coursers were the gift of Jove.

SELECT NOTES

TO

BOOK XVI.

V. 8. *Indulgent to his best belov'd.*] The friendship of Achilles and Patroclus is celebrated by all antiquity: and Homer, notwithstanding the anger of Achilles was his professed subject, has found the secret to discover, through that very anger, the softer parts of his character. In this view we shall find him generous in his temper, despising gain and booty; and, as far as his honour is not concerned, fond of his mistress, and easy to his friend: not proud, but when injured; and not more revengeful when ill used, than grateful and gentle when respectfully treated. 'Patroclus (says Philostratus, who probably grounds his assertion on some ancient tradition) was not so much elder than Achilles as to pretend to direct him, but of a tender, modest, and unassuming nature; constant and diligent in his attendance, and seeming to have no affections but those of his friend.'

It is said in the life of Alexander the Great, that when that prince visited the monuments of the heroes at Troy, and placed a crown upon the tomb of Achilles, his friend Hephæstion placed another on that of Patroclus, as an intimation of his being to Alexander what the other was to Achilles. On which occasion the saying of Alexander is recorded, 'That Achilles was happy indeed, for having had such a friend to love him living, and such a poet to celebrate him dead.'

V. 11. *No girl, no infant,* &c.] I know the obvious translation of this passage makes the comparison consist only in the tears of the infant, applied to those of Patroclus. But certainly the idea of the simile will be much finer, if we comprehend also in it the mother's fondness and concern, awakened by this uneasiness of the child, which no less aptly corresponds with the tenderness of Achilles on the sight of his friend's affliction. And there is yet a third branch of the comparison, in that pursuit and

constant application the infant makes to the mother, in the same manner as Patroclus follows Achilles with his grief, till he forces him to take notice of it. I think (all these circumstances laid together) nothing can be more affecting or exact in all its views, than this similitude; which, without that regard, has perhaps seemed but low and trivial to an unreflecting reader.

V. 31. *Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breast.*] The commentators labour to prove, that the words in the original, which begin this speech, Μη νεμεσα, 'Be not angry,' are not meant to desire Achilles to bear no farther resentment against the Greeks, but only not to be displeased at the tears which Patroclus sheds for their misfortune. Patroclus (they say) was not so imprudent to begin his intercession in that manner, when there was need of something more insinuating. I take this to be an excess of refinement: the purpose of every period in his speech is to persuade Achilles to lay aside his anger; why then may he not begin by desiring it? The whole question is, whether he may speak openly in favour of the Greeks in the first half of the verse, or in the latter? For in the same line he represents their distress,

——— τοιον γαρ αχος βεβικεν Αχαιους.

It is plain he treats him without much reserve, calls him implacable, inexorable, and even mischievous (for αναρστη implies no less). I do not see wherein the caution of this speech consists; it is a generous, unartful petition, whereof Achilles's nature would much more approve, than of all the artifice of Ulysses (to which he expressed his hatred in the ninth book, v. 419).

V. 35. *Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' son,*
And wise Ulysses ——]

Patroclus, in mentioning the wounded princes to Achilles, takes care not to put Agamemnon first, lest that odious name, striking his ear on a sudden, should shut it against the rest of his discourse: neither does he name him last, for fear Achilles dwelling upon it should fall into passion: but he slides it into the middle, mixing and confounding it with the rest, that it might not be taken too much notice of, and that the names which precede and follow it

may diminish the hatred it might excite. Wherefore he does not so much as accompany it with an epithet.

I think the foregoing remark of Eustathius is very ingenious, and I have given into it so far, as to choose rather to make Patroclus call him Atreus' son than Agamemnon, which yet farther softens it, since thus it might as well be imagined he spoke of Menelaüs, as of Agamemnon.

V. 61. *And thy mere image chase her foes away.*] It is hard to conceive a greater compliment, or one that could more touch the warlike ambition of Achilles, than this which Homer puts into the mouth of Patroclus. It was also an encomium which he could not suspect of flattery; since the person who made it desires to hazard his life upon the security that the enemy could not support the sight of the very armour of Achilles: and indeed Achilles himself seems to entertain no less a thought, in the answer to this speech, where he ascribes the flight of Troy to the blazing of his helmet: a circumstance wonderfully fine, and nobly exalting the idea of this hero's terrible character. Besides all this, Homer had it in view to prepare hereby the wonderful incident that is to ensue in the eighteenth book, where the very sight of Achilles from his ship turns the fortune of the war.

V. 101. *No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' son.*] By what Achilles here says, joining Diomed to Agamemnon in this taunting reflection, one may justly suspect there was some particular disagreement and emulation between these two heroes. This we may suppose to be the more natural, because Diomed was of all the Greeks confessedly the nearest in fame and courage to Achilles, and therefore most likely to move his envy, as being the most likely to supply his place. The same sentiments are to be observed in Diomed with regard to Achilles; he is always confident in his own valour, and therefore, in their greatest extremities, he no where acknowledges the necessity of appeasing Achilles, but always in council appears most forward and resolute to carry on the war without him.

V. 111. *Shall render back the beauteous maid.*] But this is what the Greeks had already offered to do, and which he has refused; this then is an inequality in Achilles's manners. Not at

all: Achilles is still ambitious; when he refused these presents, the Greeks were not low enough, he would not receive them till they were reduced to the last extremity, and till he was sufficiently revenged by their losses. DACIER.

V. 130. *Ajax no more*, &c.] This description of Ajax wearied out with battle, is a passage of exquisite life and beauty: yet what I think nobler than the description itself, is what he says at the end of it, that his hero, even in this excess of fatigue and languor, could scarce be moved from his post by the efforts of a whole army.

V. 148. *Great Ajax saw, and own'd the hand divine,*
Confessing Jove, and trembling at the sign.]

In the Greek there is added an explication of this sign, which has no other allusion to the action, but a very odd one in a single phrase or metaphor:

—— ὁ ῥα παγχυ μαχης επι μηδεα κειρει
Ζευς ὑψιβρεμετης, Τρωεσσι δε βυλεφο νικην.

Which may be translated,

'So seem'd their hopes cut off by heav'n's high lord,
So doom'd to fall before the Trojan sword.'

Chapman endeavours to account for the meanness of this conceit, by the gross wit of Ajax; who, seeing the head of his lance cut off, took it into his fancy, that Jupiter would in the same manner cut off the counsels and schemes of the Greeks. For to understand this far-fetched apprehension gravely, as the commentators have done, is indeed (to use the words of Chapman) most dull and Ajantical. I believe no man will blame me for leaving these lines out of the text.

V. 188. *Sprung from the wind.*] It is a beautiful invention of the poet, to represent the wonderful swiftness of the horses of Achilles, by saying they were begotten by the western wind. This fiction is truly poetical, and very proper in the way of natural allegory. However, it is not altogether improbable our author might have designed it even in the literal sense: nor ought

the notion to be thought very extravagant in a poet, since grave naturalists have seriously vouched the truth of this kind of generation.

V. 194. *Grim as voracious wolves*, &c.] There is scarce any picture in Homer so much in the savage and terrible way, as this comparison of the Myrmidons to wolves: it puts one in mind of the pieces of Spagnolett, or Salvator Rosa: each circumstance is made up of images very strongly coloured and horridly lively.

V. 211. *Deriv'd from thee, whose waters*, &c.] Homer seems resolved that every thing about Achilles shall be miraculous. We have seen his very horses are of celestial origin; and now his commanders, though vulgarly reputed the sons of men, are represented as the real offspring of some deity. The poet thus enhances the admiration of his chief hero by every circumstance with which his imagination could furnish him.

V. 220. *To her high chamber.*] It was the custom of those times to assign the uppermost rooms to the women, that they might be the farther removed from commerce: wherefore Penelope in the Odyssey mounts up into a garret, and there sits to her business. So Priam, in the sixth book, v. 248 of the original, had chambers for the ladies of his court, under the roof of his palace.

The Lacedæmonians called these high apartments ὠά, and as the word also signifies eggs, it is probable it was this that gave occasion to the fable of Helen's birth, who is said to be born from an egg. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 283. *And thus the god implor'd.*] Though the character of Achilles every where shews a mind swayed with unbounded passions, and entirely regardless of all human authority and law, yet he preserves a constant respect to the gods, and appears as zealous in the sentiments and actions of piety as any hero of the Iliad; who indeed are all remarkable this way. The present passage is an exact description and perfect ritual of the ceremonies on these occasions. Achilles, though an urgent affair called for his friend's assistance, yet would not suffer him to enter the fight, till in a most solemn manner he had recommended him to the protection of Jupiter: and this I think a stronger proof of his ten-

derness and affection for Patroclus, than either the grief he expressed at his death, or the fury he shewed to revenge it.

V. 265. *Dodonæan Jove.*] The frequent mention of oracles in Homer and the ancient authors, may make it not improper to give the reader a general account of so considerable a part of the Grecian superstition; which I cannot do better than in the words of my friend Mr. Stanyan, in his excellent and judicious abstract of the Grecian history.

'The oracles were ranked among the noblest and most religious kinds of divination; the design of them being to settle such an immediate way of converse with their gods, as to be able by them not only to explain things intricate and obscure, but also to anticipate the knowledge of future events; and that with far greater certainty than they could hope for from men, who out of ignorance and prejudice must sometimes either conceal or betray the truth. So that this became the only safe way of deliberating upon affairs of any consequence, either public or private. Whether to proclaim war, or conclude a peace, to institute a new form of government, or enact new laws; all was to be done with the advice and approbation of the oracle, whose determinations were always held sacred and inviolable. As to the causes of oracles, Jupiter was looked upon as the first cause of all this, and all other sorts of divination; he had the book of fate before him, and out of that revealed either more or less, as he pleased, to inferior dæmons. But to argue more rationally, this way of access to the gods has been branded as one of the earliest and grossest pieces of priestcraft that obtained in the world. For the priests, whose dependence was on the oracles, when they found the cheat had got sufficient footing, allowed no man to consult the gods without costly sacrifices and rich presents to themselves: and as few could bear this expence, it served to raise their credit among the common people by keeping them at an awful distance. And to heighten their esteem with the better and wealthier sort, even they were only admitted upon a few stated days: by which the thing appeared still more mysterious, and for want of this good management, must quickly have been seen through and fallen to the ground. But whatever juggling there was as to the religious

part, oracles had certainly a good effect as to the public; being admirably suited to the genius of a people who would join in the most desperate expedition, and admit of any change of government, when they understood by the oracle it was the irresistible will of the gods. This was the method Minos, Lycurgus, and all the famous lawgivers took; and indeed they found the people so entirely devoted to this part of religion, that it was generally the easiest, and sometimes the only way of winning them into a compliance. And then they took care to have them delivered in such ambiguous terms, as to admit of different constructions, according to the exigency of the times: so that they were generally interpreted to the advantage of the state, unless sometimes there happened to be bribery or flattery in the case; as when Demosthenes complained that the Pythia spoke as Philip would have her. The most numerous, and of the greatest repute, were the oracles of Apollo, who, in subordination to Jupiter, was appointed to preside over, and inspire all sorts of prophets and diviners. And amongst these, the Delphian challenged the first place, not so much in respect of its antiquity, as its perspicuity and certainty; insomuch that the answers of the Tripos came to be used proverbially for clear and infallible truths. Here we must not omit the first Pythia or priestess of this famous oracle, who uttered her responses in heroic verse. They found a secret charm in numbers, which made every thing look pompous and weighty. And hence it became the general practice of legislators and philosophers, to deliver their laws and maxims in that dress: and scarce any thing in those ages was writ of excellence or moment but in verse. This was the dawn of poetry, which soon grew into repute; and so long as it served to such noble purposes as religion and government, poets were highly honoured, and admitted into a share of the administration. But by that time it arrived to any perfection, they pursued more mean and servile ends; and as they prostituted their muse, and debased the subject, they sunk proportionably in their esteem and dignity. As to the history of oracles, we find them mentioned in the very infancy of Greece, and it is as uncertain when they were finally

extinct, as when they began: for they often lost their prophetic faculty for some time, and recovered it again.'

V. 288. *Whose groves the Selli, race austere,* &c.] Homer seems to me to say clearly enough, that these priests lay on the ground and forbore the bath, to honour by these austerities the god they served: for he says, σοι νασσι ανιπποδες, and this σοι can in my opinion only signify for 'you,' that is to say, 'to please you,' and 'for your honour.' This example is remarkable, but I do not think it singular; and the earliest antiquity may furnish us with the like of pagans, who by an austere life tried to please their gods. Nevertheless I am obliged to say, that Strabo, who speaks at large of these Selli in his seventh book, has not taken this austerity of life for an effect of their devotion, but for a remain of the grossness of their ancestors; who being barbarians, and straying from country to country, had no bed but the earth, and never used a bath. But it is no way unlikely that what was in the first Pelasgians (who founded this oracle) only custom and use, might be continued by these priests through devotion. DACIER.

V. 288. Homer in this verse uses a word which I think singular and remarkable, ὑποφηται. I cannot believe that it was put simply for προφηται, but am persuaded that this term includes some particular sense, and shews some custom but little known, which I would willingly discover; and I shall offer my conjecture, which I ground upon the nature of this oracle of Dodona, which was very different from all the other oracles. In all other temples the priests delivered the oracles, which they had received from their gods, immediately; but in the temple of Dodona, Jupiter did not utter his oracles to his priest, but to his Selli; he rendered them to the oaks, and the wonderful oaks rendered them to the priests, who declared them to those who consulted them: so these priests were not properly προφηται, prophets, since they did not receive those answers from the mouth of their god immediately: but they were but ὑποφηται, under-prophets, because they received them from the mouth of the oaks, if I may say so. The oaks, properly speaking, were the prophets, the first interpreters of Jupiter's oracles; and the Selli were ὑποφηται, under-

prophets, because they pronounced what the oaks had said. Thus Homer, in one single word, includes a very curious piece of antiquity. DACIER.

V. 314. *As wasps provok'd,* &c.] One may observe, that though Homer sometimes takes his similitudes from the meanest and smallest things in nature, yet he orders it so as by their appearance to signalize and give lustre to his greatest heroes. Here he likens a body of Myrmidons to a nest of wasps, not on account of their strength and bravery, but of their heat and resentment. Virgil has imitated these humble comparisons, as when he compares the builders of Carthage to bees. Homer has carried it a little farther in another place, where he compares the soldiers to flies, for their busy industry and perseverance about a dead body; not diminishing his heroes by the size of these small animals, but raising his comparisons from certain properties inherent in them, which deserve our observation. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 354. *So when thick clouds,* &c.] All the commentators take this comparison in a sense different from that in which it is here translated. They suppose Jupiter is here described cleaving the air with a flash of lightning, and spreading a gleam of light over a high mountain, which a black cloud held buried in darkness. The application is made to Patroclus falling on the Trojans, and giving respite to the Greeks, who were plunged in obscurity. Eustathius gives this interpretation, but at the same time acknowledges it improper in this comparison to represent the extinction of the flames by the darting of lightning. This explanation is solely founded on the expression στεροπηγερετα Ζευς, 'fulgurator Jupiter,' which epithet is often applied when no such action is supposed. The most obvious signification of the words in this passage gives a more natural and agreeable image, and admits of a juster application.

V. 390. *Amisodarus, who,* &c.] Amisodarus was king of Caria; Bellerophon married his daughter. The ancients guessed from this passage that the Chimæra was not a fiction, since Homer marks the time wherein she lived, and the prince with whom she lived; they thought it was some beast of that prince's herds, who being grown furious and mad, had done a great deal of mischief, like the Calydonian boar. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 459. *From bank to bank th' immortal coursers flew,* &c.] Homer had made Hector's horses all that poetry could make of common and mortal horses; they stand on the bank of the ditch foaming and neighing for madness that they cannot leap it. But the immortal horses of Achilles find no obstacle; they leap the ditch, and fly into the plain. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 466. *Than when in autumn Jove his fury pours,——*
——When guilty mortals, &c.]

The poet, in this image of an inundation, takes occasion to mention a sentiment of great piety, that such calamities were the effects of divine justice punishing the sins of mankind. This might probably refer to the tradition of an universal deluge, which was very common among the ancient heathen writers; most of them ascribing the cause of this deluge to the wrath of heaven provoked by the wickedness of men.

V. 512. *When now Sarpedon,* &c.] The poet preparing to recount the death of Sarpedon, it will not be improper to give a sketch of some particulars which constitute a character the most faultless and amiable in the whole Iliad. This hero is by birth superior to all the chiefs of either side, being the only son of Jupiter engaged in this war. His qualities are no way unworthy his descent, since he every where appears equal in valour, prudence, and eloquence, to the most admired heroes: nor are these excellencies blemished with any of those defects with which the most distinguishing characters of the poem are stained. This noble life is ended with a death as glorious; for in his last moments he has no other concern, but for the honour of his friends, and the event of the day.

V. 551. *Let sleep and death convey, by thy command,*
The breathless body to his native land.]

The history or fable received in Homer's time, imported that Sarpedon was interred in Lycia, but it said nothing of his death. This gave the poet the liberty of making him die at Troy, provided that after his death he was carried into Lycia, to preserve the fable. The expedient proposed by Juno solves all; Sarpedon

dies at Troy, and is interred at Lycia; and what renders this probable is, that in those times, as at this day, princes and persons of quality who died in foreign parts were carried into their own country to be laid in the tomb with their fathers. The antiquity of this custom cannot be doubted, since it was practised in the patriarchs' times: Jacob dying in Egypt, orders his children to carry him into the land of Canaan, where he desired to be buried. Gen. xlix. 29. DACIER.

V. 560. *A show'r of blood.*] As to showers of a bloody colour, many both ancient and modern naturalists agree in asserting the reality of such appearances, though they account for them differently. You may see a very odd solution of them in Eustathius, Note on v. 53, corresponding to v. 70, in the translation of the eleventh Iliad. What seems the most probable, is that of Fromondus in his Meteorology, who observed, that a shower of this kind, which gave great cause of wonder, was nothing but a quantity of very small red insects, beat down to the earth by a heavy shower, whereby the ground was spotted in several places, as with drops of blood.

V. 605. *Glaucus, be bold,* &c.] This dying speech of Sarpedon deserves particular notice, being made up of noble sentiments, and fully answering the character of this brave and generous prince, which he preserves in his last moments.

V. 637. ..... *Pierc'd with pain,*
That thrills my arm, and shoots through ev'ry vein.]

There seems to be an oversight in this place. Glaucus in the twelfth book had been wounded with an arrow by Teucer at the attack of the wall; and here, so long after, we find him still on the field, 'in the sharpest anguish of his wound, the blood not being yet stanched,' &c. In the speech that next follows to Hector, there is also something liable to censure, when he imputes to the negligence of the Trojans the death of Sarpedon, of which they knew nothing till that very speech informed them. I beg leave to pass over these things without exposing or defending them; though such as these may be sufficient grounds for a most inveterate war among the critics.

V. 746. *And skill'd in dancing.*] This stroke of raillery upon Meriones is founded on the custom of his country. For the Cretans were peculiarly addicted to this exercise, and in particular are said to have invented the Pyrrhic dance, which was performed in complete armour. See note on v. 797, in the thirteenth book.

V. 904. *What skilful divers, &c.*] The original is literally thus: 'It is pity he is not nearer the sea, he would furnish good quantities of excellent oysters, and the storms would not frighten him; see how he exercises and plunges from the top of his chariot into the plain! Who would think that there were such good divers at Troy?' This seems to be a little too long; and if this passage be really Homer's, I could almost swear that he intended to let us know, that a good soldier may be an indifferent jester. But I very much doubt whether this passage be his: it is very likely these last five verses were added by some of the ancient critics, whose caprices Homer has frequently undergone; or perhaps some of the rhapsodists, who, in reciting his verses, made additions of their own to please their auditors.

V. 1026. ..... *Hear my latest breath,*
The gods inspire it .. ..]

It is an opinion of great antiquity, that when the soul is on the point of being delivered from the body, and makes a nearer approach to the divine nature; at such a time its views are stronger and clearer, and the mind endowed with a spirit of true prediction. So Artemon of Miletum says in his book of dreams, that when the soul hath collected all its powers from every limb and part of the body, and is just ready to be severed from it, at that time it becomes prophetical. Socrates also in his defence to the Athenians, 'I am now arrived at the verge of life, wherein it is familiar with people to foretel what will come to pass.' EUSTATHIUS.

V. 1032. *The death of Patroclus.*] I sometimes think I am in respect to Homer much like Sancho Panca with regard to Don Quixote. I believe, upon the whole, that no mortal ever came near him for wisdom, learning, and all good qualities. But some-

times there are certain starts which I cannot tell what to make of, and am forced to own that my master is a little out of the way, if nor quite beside himself. The present passage of the death of Patroclus, attended with so many odd circumstances to overthrow this hero (who might, for all I can see, as decently have fallen by the force of Hector), are what I am at a loss to excuse, and must indeed (in my own opinion) give them up to the critics. I really think almost all those parts of Homer which have been objected against with most clamour and fury, are honestly defensible, and none of them (to confess my private sentiment) seem to me to be faults of any consideration, except this conduct in the death of Patroclus, the length of Nestor's discourse in lib. xi. the speech of Achilles's horse in the nineteenth, the conversation of that hero with Æneas in lib. xx. and the manner of Hector's flight round the walls of Troy, lib. xxii. I hope, after so free a confession, no reasonable modern will think me touched with the Ὁμηρομανια of Madam Dacier and others. I am sensible of the extremes which mankind run into, in extolling and depreciating authors: we are not more violent and unreasonable in attacking those who are not yet established in fame, than in defending those who are, even in every minute trifle. Fame is a debt, which when we have kept from people as long as we can, we pay with a prodigious interest, which amounts to twice the value of the principal. Thus it is with ancient works as with ancient coins, they pass for a vast deal more than they were worth at first; and the very obscurities and deformities which time has thrown upon them, are the sacred rust which

THE

SEVENTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

VOL. V.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE SEVENTH BATTLE, FOR THE BODY OF PATROCLUS: THE ACTS OF MENELAUS.

Menelaus, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy: Euphorbus, who attempts it, is slain. Hector advancing, Menelaüs retires; but soon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight, who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them: Æneas sustains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horses of Achilles deplore the loss of Patroclus: Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkness: the noble prayer of Ajax on that occasion. Menelaüs sends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus's death: then returns to the fight, where, though attacked with the utmost fury, he and Meriones, assisted by the Ajaxes, bear off the body to the ships.

The time is the evening of the eight and twentieth day. The scene lies in the fields before Troy.

Painted by Hy Singleton.

Engraved by Jas. Stow.

BOOK XVII.

On the cold earth divine Patroclus spread,
Lies pierc'd with wounds among the vulgar dead.
Great Menelaüs, touch'd with gen'rous woe,
Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe.
Thus round her new-fall'n young the heifer moves,
Fruit of her throes, and first-born of her loves;
And anxious, (helpless as he lies, and bare)
Turns, and re-turns her, with a mother's care.
Oppos'd to each that near the carcase came,
His broad shield glimmers, and his lances flame.

The son of Panthus, skill'd the dart to send,
Eyes the dead hero, and insults the friend.
This hand, Atrides, laid Patroclus low;
Warrior! desist, nor tempt an equal blow:
To me the spoils my prowess won, resign:
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.

The Trojan thus: the Spartan monarch burn'd
With gen'rous anguish, and in scorn return'd:
Laugh'st thou not, Jove! from thy superior throne,
When mortals boast of prowess not their own?

Not thus the lion glories in his might,
Nor panther braves his spotted foe in fight,
Nor thus the boar (those terrors of the plain);
Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.
But far the vainest of the boastful kind
These sons of Panthus vent their haughty mind.
Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conqu'ring steel
This boaster's brother, Hyperenor, fell;
Against our arm which rashly he defied,
Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride.
These eyes beheld him on the dust expire,
No more to cheer his spouse, or glad his sire.
Presumptuous youth! like his shall be thy doom,
Go, wait thy brother to the Stygian gloom;
Or, while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate;
Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.

Unmov'd, Euphorbus thus: That action known,
Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.
His weeping father claims thy destin'd head,
And spouse, a widow in her bridal bed.
On these, thy conquer'd spoils I shall bestow,
To sooth a consort's and a parent's woe.
No longer then defer the glorious strife,
Let heav'n decide our fortune, fame, and life.

Swift as the word the missile lance he flings;
The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,
But blunted by the brass innoxious falls.
On Jove the father, great Atrides calls,
Nor flies the jav'lin from his arm in vain,
It pierc'd his throat, and bent him to the plain;
Wide through the neck appears the grisly wound,
Prone sinks the warrior, and his arms resound.
The shining circlets of his golden hair,
Which e'en the Graces might be proud to wear,
Instarr'd with gems and gold, bestrow the shore,
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.

As the young olive, in some sylvan scene,
Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head, in snowy flow'rets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air;
When lo! a whirlwind from high heav'n invades
The tender plant, and withers all its shades;
It lies uprooted from its genial bed,
A lovely ruin now defac'd and dead:
Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay,
While the fierce Spartan tore his arms away.
Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,
Affrighted Troy the tow'ring victor flies:

Flies, as before some mountain lion's ire
The village curs and trembling swains retire,
When o'er the slaughter'd bull they hear him roar,
And see his jaws distil with smoking gore;
All pale with fear, at distance scatter'd round,
They shout incessant, and the vales resound.

Meanwhile Apollo view'd with envious eyes,
And urg'd great Hector to dispute the prize;
(In Mentes' shape, beneath whose martial care
The rough Ciconians learn'd the trade of war)
Forbear, he cried, with fruitless speed to chace
Achilles' coursers, of ethereal race;
They stoop not, these, to mortal man's command,
Or stoop to none but great Achilles' hand.
Too long amus'd with a pursuit so vain,
Turn, and behold the brave Euphorbus slain!
By Sparta slain! for ever now suppress
The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breast!

Thus having spoke, Apollo wing'd his flight,
And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight:
His words infix'd unutterable care
Deep in great Hector's soul: thro' all the war
He darts his anxious eye; and, instant, view'd
The breathless hero in his blood imbru'd,

(Forth welling from the wound, as prone he lay)
And in the victor's hands the shining prey.
Sheath'd in bright arms, through cleaving ranks he flies,
And sends his voice in thunder to the skies:
Fierce as a flood of flame by Vulcan sent,
It flew, and fir'd the nations as it went.
Atrides from the voice the storm divin'd,
And thus explor'd his own unconquer'd mind:
Then shall I quit Patroclus on the plain,
Slain in my cause, and for my honour slain?
Desert the arms, the relics, of my friend?
Or singly Hector and his troops attend?
Sure where such partial favour heav'n bestow'd,
To brave the hero were to brave the god:
Forgive me, Greece, if once I quit the field;
'Tis not to Hector, but to heav'n I yield.
Yet, nor the god, nor heav'n, should give me fear,
Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear:
Still would we turn, still battle on the plains,
And give Achilles all that yet remains
Of his and our Patroclus—This, no more,
The time allow'd: Troy thicken'd on the shore,
A sable scene! The terrors Hector led.
Slow he recedes, and sighing, quits the dead.

So from the fold th' unwilling lion parts,
Forc'd by loud clamours, and a storm of darts;
He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
With heart indignant and retorted eyes.
Now enter'd in the Spartan ranks, he turn'd
His manly breast, and with new fury burn'd,
O'er all the black battalions sent his view,
And through the cloud the godlike Ajax knew;
Where lab'ring on the left the warrior stood,
All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood,
There breathing courage where the god of day
Had sunk each heart with terror and dismay.
To him the king: Oh Ajax, oh my friend;
Haste, and Patroclus' lov'd remains defend:
The body to Achilles to restore,
Demands our care; alas, we can no more!
For naked now, despoil'd of arms he lies;
And Hector glories in the dazzling prize.
He said, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair
Pierce the thick battle, and provoke the war.
Already had stern Hector seiz'd his head,
And doom'd to Trojan dogs th' unhappy dead;
But soon as Ajax rear'd his tow'r-like shield,
Sprung to his car, and measur'd back the field.

His train to Troy the radiant armour bear,
To stand a trophy of his fame in war.
    Meanwhile great Ajax (his broad shield display'd)
Guards the dead hero with the dreadful shade;
And now before, and now behind he stood:
Thus in the centre of some gloomy wood,
With many a step the lioness surrounds
Her tawny young, beset by men and hounds;
Elate her heart, and rousing all her pow'rs,
Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eyebrow low'rs.
Fast by his side, the gen'rous Spartan glows
With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.
    But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian aids,
On Hector frowning, thus his flight upbraids:
Where now in Hector shall we Hector find?
A manly form, without a manly mind.
Is this, O chief! a hero's boasted fame?
How vain, without the merit, is the name!
Since battle is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ
What other methods may preserve thy Troy:
'Tis time to try if Ilion's state can stand
By thee alone, nor ask a foreign hand;

Mean, empty boast! but shall the Lycians stake
Their lives for you? those Lycians you forsake?
What from thy thankless arms can we expect?
Thy friend Sarpedon proves thy base neglect:
Say, shall our slaughter'd bodies guard your walls,
While unreveng'd the great Sarpedon falls?
E'en where he died for Troy, you left him there,
A feast for dogs, and all the fowls of air.
On my command if any Lycian wait,
Hence let him march, and give up Troy to fate.
Did such a spirit as the gods impart
Impel one Trojan hand or Trojan heart,
(Such as should burn in ev'ry soul that draws
The sword for glory, and his country's cause)
E'en yet our mutual arms we might employ,
And drag yon carcase to the walls of Troy.
Oh! were Patroclus ours, we might obtain
Sarpedon's arms, and honour'd corpse again!
Greece with Achilles' friend should be repaid,
And thus due honours purchas'd to his shade.
But words are vain—Let Ajax once appear,
And Hector trembles and recedes with fear;
Thou dar'st not meet the terrors of his eye;
And lo! already thou prepar'st to fly.

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The Trojan chief with fix'd resentment ey'd
The Lycian leader, and sedate reply'd:
Say, is it just (my friend) that Hector's ear
From such a warrior such a speech should hear?
I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy kind,
But ill this insult suits a prudent mind.
I shun great Ajax? I desert my train?
'Tis mine to prove the rash assertion vain;
I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds,
And hear the thunder of the sounding steeds.
But Jove's high will is ever uncontroll'd,
The strong he withers, and confounds the bold;
Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now
Strikes the fresh garland from the victor's brow!
Come, thro' you squadrons let us hew the way,
And thou be witness, if I fear to-day;
If yet a Greek the sight of Hector dread,
Or yet their hero dare defend the dead.
Then turning to the martial hosts, he cries:
Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies!
Be men (my friends) in action as in name,
And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.
Hector in proud Achilles' arms shall shine,
Torn from his friend, by right of conquest mine.

He strode along the field, as thus he said:
(The sable plumage nodded o'er his head)
Swift through the spacious plain he sent a look;
One instant saw, one instant overtook
The distant band, that on the sandy shore
The radiant spoils to sacred Ilion bore.
There his own mail unbrac'd the field bestrow'd;
His train to Troy convey'd the massy load.
Now blazing in th' immortal arms he stands;
The work and present of celestial hands;
By aged Peleus to Achilles giv'n,
As first to Peleus by the court of heav'n:
His father's arms not long Achilles wears,
Forbid by fate to reach his father's years.

Him, proud in triumph, glitt'ring from afar,
The god whose thunder rends the troubled air
Beheld with pity; as apart he sat,
And, conscious, look'd thro' all the scene of fate.
He shook the sacred honours of his head;
Olympus trembled, and the godhead said:

Ah wretched man! unmindful of thy end!
A moment's glory! and what fates attend?
In heav'nly panoply divinely bright
Thou stand'st, and armies tremble at thy sight,

As at Achilles' self! beneath thy dart
Lies slain the great Achilles' dearer part:
Thou from the mighty dead those arms hast torn,
Which once the greatest of mankind had worn.
Yet live! I give thee one illustrious day,
A blaze of glory ere thou fad'st away.
For ah! no more Andromache shall come
With joyful tears to welcome Hector home;
No more officious, with endearing charms,
From thy tir'd limbs unbrace Pelides' arms!
Then with his sable brow he gave the nod
That seals his word; the sanction of the god.
The stubborn arms (by Jove's command dispos'd)
Conform'd spontaneous, and around him clos'd:
Fill'd with the god, enlarg'd his members grew,
Through all his veins a sudden vigour flew,
The blood in brisker tides began to roll;
And Mars himself came rushing on his soul.
Exhorting loud through all the field he strode,
And look'd, and mov'd, Achilles, or a god.
Now Mesthles, Glaucus, Medon, he inspires,
Now Phorcys, Chromius, and Hippothous fires;
The great Thersilochus like fury found,
Asteropeus kindled at the sound,
And Ennomus, in augury renown'd.

Hear, all ye hosts, and hear, unnumber'd bands
Of neighb'ring nations, or of distant lands!
'Twas not for state we summon'd you so far,
To boast our numbers, and the pomp of war;
Ye came to fight; a valiant foe to chase,
To save our present, and our future race.
For this, our wealth, our products, you enjoy,
And glean the relics of exhausted Troy.
Now, then, to conquer or to die prepare;
To die or conquer, are the terms of war.
Whatever hand shall win Patroclus slain,
Whoe'er shall drag him to the Trojan train,
With Hector's self shall equal honours claim;
With Hector part the spoil, and share the fame.

Fir'd by his words, the troops dismiss their fears,
They join, they thicken, they protend their spears;
Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,
And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey:
Vain hope! what numbers shall the field o'erspread,
What victims perish round the mighty dead?

Great Ajax mark'd the growing storm from far,
And thus bespoke his brother of the war:
Our fatal day, alas! is come (my friend),
And all our wars and glories at an end!

'Tis not this corpse alone we guard in vain,
Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain;
We too must yield: the same sad fate must fall
On thee, on me, perhaps (my friend) on all.
See what a tempest direful Hector spreads,
And lo! it bursts, it thunders on our heads!
Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call,
The bravest Greeks: this hour demands them all.
The warrior rais'd his voice, and wide around
The field re-echo'd the distressful sound:
O chiefs! O princes! to whose hand is giv'n
The rule of men; whose glory is from heav'n!
Whom with due honours both Atrides grace:
Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race!
All, whom this well-known voice shall reach from far,
All, whom I see not through this cloud of war;
Come all! let gen'rous rage your arms employ,
And save Patroclus from the dogs of Troy.
Oïlean Ajax first the voice obey'd,
Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid;
Next him Idomeneus, more slow with age,
And Merion, burning with a hero's rage.
The long-succeeding numbers who can name?
But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame.

Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng;
Whole Troy embodied rush'd with shouts along.
Thus, when a mountain billow foams and raves,
Where some swoln river disembogues his waves,
Full in the mouth is stopp'd the rushing tide,
The boiling ocean works from side to side,
The river trembles to his utmost shore,
And distant rocks rebellow to the roar.

Nor less resolv'd, the firm Achaian band
With brazen shields in horrid circle stand.
Jove, pouring darkness o'er the mingled fight,
Conceals the warriors' shining helms in night:
To him, the chief for whom the hosts contend
Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a friend:
Dead he protects him with superior care,
Nor dooms his carcase to the birds of air.

The first attack the Grecians scarce sustain,
Repuls'd, they yield; the Trojans seize the slain:
Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on
By the swift rage of Ajax Telamon.
(Ajax to Peleus' son the second name,
In graceful stature next, and next in fame)
With headlong force the foremost ranks he tore;
So thro' the thicket bursts the mountain boar,

And rudely scatters, far to distance round,
The frighted hunter and the baying hound.
The son of Lethus, brave Pelasgus' heir,
Hippothous, dragg'd the carcase through the war;
The sinewy ancles bor'd, the feet he bound
With thongs, inserted through the double wound:
Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed;
Doom'd by great Ajax' vengeful lance to bleed;
It cleft the helmet's brazen cheeks in twain;
The shatter'd crest, and horse-hair strow the plain:
With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground:
The brain comes gushing thro' the ghastly wound:
He drops Patroclus' foot, and o'er him spread
Now lies a sad companion of the dead:
Far from Larissa lies, his native air,
And ill requites his parent's tender care.
Lamented youth! in life's first bloom he fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.

Once more at Ajax Hector's jav'lin flies;
The Grecian marking, as it cut the skies,
Shunn'd the descending death; which, hissing on,
Stretch'd in the dust the great Iphytus' son,
Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind
The boldest warrior, and the noblest mind:

In little Panope, for strength renown'd,
He held his seat, and rul'd the realms around.
Plung'd in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,
And deep transpiercing, thro' the shoulder stood;
In clanging arms the hero fell, and all
The fields resounded with his weighty fall.
Phorcys, as slain Hippothous he defends,
The Telamonian lance his belly rends;
The hollow armour burst before the stroke,
And through the wound the rushing entrails broke:
In strong convulsions panting on the sands
He lies, and grasps the dust with dying hands.
Struck at the sight, recede the Trojan train:
The shouting Argives strip the heroes slain.
And now had Troy, by Greece compell'd to yield,
Fled to her ramparts, and resign'd the field;
Greece, in her native fortitude elate,
With Jove averse, had turn'd the scale of fate:
But Phœbus urg'd Æneas to the fight;
He seem'd like aged Periphas to sight:
(A herald in Anchises' love grown old,
Rever'd for prudence, and with prudence bold).
Thus he—What methods yet, O chief! remain,
To save your Troy, though heav'n its fall ordain?

There have been heroes, who, by virtuous care,
By valour, numbers, and by arts of war,
Have forc'd the pow'rs to spare a sinking state,
And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate.
But you, when fortune smiles, when Jove declares
His partial favour, and assists your wars,
Your shameful efforts 'gainst yourselves employ,
And force th' unwilling god to ruin Troy.

Æneas through the form assum'd descries
The pow'r conceal'd, and thus to Hector cries:
Oh lasting shame! to our own fears a prey,
We seek our ramparts, and desert the day.
A god (nor is he less) my bosom warms,
And tells me, Jove asserts the Trojan arms.

He spoke, and foremost to the combat flew:
The bold example all his hosts pursue.
Then, first, Leocritus beneath him bled,
In vain belov'd by valiant Lycomede;
Who view'd his fall, and grieving at the chance,
Swift to revenge it, sent his angry lance:
The whirling lance, with vig'rous force addrest,
Descends, and pants in Apisaon's breast:
From rich Pæonia's vales the warrior came,
Next thee, Asteropeus! in place and fame.

Asteropeus with grief beheld the slain,
And rush'd to combat, but he rush'd in vain:
Indissolubly firm, around the dead,
Rank within rank, on buckler buckler spread,
And hemm'd with bristled spears, the Grecians stood;
A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood.
Great Ajax eyes them with incessant care,
And in an orb contracts the crowded war,
Close in their ranks commands to fight or fall,
And stands the centre and the soul of all:
Fix'd on the spot they war, and wounded, wound;
A sanguine torrent steeps the reeking ground:
On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans bled,
And, thick'ning round 'em, rise the hills of dead.
Greece, in close order, and collected might,
Yet suffers least, and sways the wav'ring fight;
Fierce as conflicting fires the combat burns,
And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.
In one thick darkness all the fight was lost;
The sun, the moon, and all th' ethereal host
Seem'd as extinct: day ravish'd from their eyes,
And all heav'n's splendours blotted from the skies.
Such o'er Patroclus' body hung the night,
The rest in sunshine fought, and open light:

Unclouded there, th' aërial azure spread,
No vapour rested on the mountain's head,
The golden sun pour'd forth a stronger ray,
And all the broad expansion flam'd with day.
Dispers'd around the plain, by fits they fight,
And here and there the scatter'd arrows light:
But death and darkness o'er the carcase spread,
There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled.
Meanwhile the sons of Nestor, in the rear,
(Their fellows routed) toss the distant spear,
And skirmish wide: so Nestor gave command,
When from the ships he sent the Pylian band.
The youthful brothers thus for fame contend,
Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend;
In thought they view'd him still, with martial joy,
Glorious in arms, and dealing deaths to Troy.
But round the corpse the heroes pant for breath,
And thick and heavy grows the work of death:
O'erlabour'd now, with dust, and sweat, and gore,
Their knees, their legs, their feet are cover'd o'er;
Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds arise,
And carnage clogs their hands, and darkness fills their eyes.
As when a slaughter'd bull's yet-reeking hide,
Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from side to side,

The brawny curriers stretch; and labour o'er
Th' extended surface, drunk with fat and gore:
So tugging round the corpse both armies stood;
The mangled body bath'd in sweat and blood:
While Greeks and Ilians equal strength employ,
Now to the ships to force it, now to Troy.

Not Pallas' self, her breast when fury warms,
Nor he, whose anger sets the world in arms,
Could blame this scene; such rage, such horror reign'd;
Such, Jove to honour the great dead ordain'd.

Achilles in his ships at distance lay,
Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day:
He, yet unconscious of Patroclus' fall,
In dust extended under Ilion's wall,
Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,
And for his wish'd return prepares in vain;
Though well he knew, to make proud Ilion bend
Was more than heav'n had destin'd to his friend,
Perhaps to him: this Thetis had reveal'd;
The rest, in pity to her son, conceal'd.

Still rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,
And heaps on heaps, by mutual wounds they bled.
Curs'd be the man (e'en private Greeks would say)
Who dares desert this well-disputed day!

First may the cleaving earth before our eyes
Gape wide, and drink our blood for sacrifice!
First perish all, ere haughty Troy shall boast
We lost Patroclus, and our glory lost!
Thus they: while with one voice the Trojans said,
Grant this day, Jove! or heap us on the dead!
Then clash their sounding arms; the clangors rise,
And shake the brazen concave of the skies.
Meantime, at distance from the scene of blood,
The pensive steeds of great Achilles stood;
Their godlike master slain before their eyes,
They wept, and shar'd in human miseries.
In vain Automedon now shakes the rein,
Now plies the lash, and sooths and threats in vain;
Nor to the fight, nor Hellespont, they go,
Restive they stood, and obstinate in woe:
Still as a tombstone, never to be mov'd,
On some good man or woman unreprov'd
Lays its eternal weight; or fix'd, as stands
A marble courser by the sculptor's hands,
Plac'd on the hero's grave. Along their face
The big round drops cours'd down with silent pace,

Conglobing on the dust. Their manes, that late
Circled their arched necks, and wav'd in state,
Trail'd on the dust beneath the yoke were spread,
And prone to earth was hung their languid head:
Nor Jove disdain'd to cast a pitying look,
While thus relenting to the steeds he spoke:
Unhappy coursers of immortal strain!
Exempt from age, and deathless now in vain;
Did we your race on mortal man bestow,
Only, alas! to share in mortal woe?
For ah! what is there, of inferior birth,
That breathes or creeps upon the dust of earth;
What wretched creature of what wretched kind,
Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind?
A miserable race! but cease to mourn:
For not by you shall Priam's son be borne
High on the splendid car: one glorious prize
He rashly boasts; the rest our will denies.
Ourself will swiftness to your nerves impart,
Ourself with rising spirits swell your heart.
Automedon your rapid flight shall bear
Safe to the navy through the storm of war.
For yet 'tis giv'n to Troy to ravage o'er
The field, and spread her slaughters to the shore;

The sun shall see her conquer, till his fall
With sacred darkness shades the face of all.
He said; and breathing in th' immortal horse
Excessive spirit, urg'd 'em to the course;
From their high manes they shake the dust, and bear
The kindling chariot through the parted war:
So flies a vulture through the clam'rous train
Of geese, that scream, and scatter round the plain.
From danger now with swiftest speed they flew,
And now to conquest with like speed pursue:
Sole in the seat the charioteer remains,
Now plies the jav'lin, now directs the reins:
Him brave Alcimedon beheld distrest,
Approach'd the chariot, and the chief addrest:
What god provokes thee, rashly thus to dare,
Alone, unaided, in the thickest war?
Alas! thy friend is slain, and Hector wields
Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields.
In happy time (the charioteer replies)
The bold Alcimedon now greets my eyes;
No Greek like him, the heav'nly steeds restrains,
Or holds their fury in suspended reins:
Patroclus, while he liv'd, their rage could tame,
But now Patroclus is an empty name!

To thee I yield the seat, to thee resign
The ruling charge: the task of fight be mine.
He said. Alcimedon, with active heat,
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the seat.
His friend descends. The chief of Troy descry'd,
And call'd Æneas fighting near his side.
Lo, to my sight beyond our hope restor'd,
Achilles' car, deserted of its lord!
The glorious steeds our ready arms invite,
Scarce their weak drivers guide them through the fight:
Can such opponents stand when we assail?
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.
The son of Venus to the counsel yields;
Then o'er their backs they spread their solid shields;
With brass refulgent the broad surface shin'd,
And thick bull-hides the spacious concave lin'd.
Them Chromius follows, Aretus succeeds;
Each hopes the conquest of the lofty steeds:
In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
In vain advance! not fated to return.
Unmov'd, Automedon attends the fight,
Implores th' Eternal, and collects his might.
Then turning to his friend, with dauntless mind:
O keep the foaming coursers close behind!

Full on my shoulders let their nostrils blow,
For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe;
'Tis Hector comes; and when he seeks the prize,
War knows no mean: he wins it, or he dies.

Then through the field he sends his voice aloud,
And calls th' Ajaces from the warring crowd,
With great Atrides. Hither turn (he said)
Turn, where distress demands immediate aid;
The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,
And save the living from a fiercer foe.
Unhelp'd we stand, unequal to engage
The force of Hector, and Æneas' rage:
Yet mighty as they are, my force to prove
Is only mine: th' event belongs to Jove.

He spoke, and high the sounding jav'lin flung,
Which pass'd the shield of Aretus the young;
It pierc'd his belt, emboss'd with curious art;
Then in the lower belly stuck the dart.
As when a pond'rous ax, descending full,
Cleaves the broad forehead of some brawny bull;
Struck 'twixt the horns, he springs with many a bound,
Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground:
Thus fell the youth; the air his soul receiv'd,
And the spear trembled as his entrails heav'd.

Now at Automedon the Trojan foe
Discharg'd his lance; the meditated blow,
Stooping, he shunn'd; the jav'lin idly fled,
And hiss'd innoxious o'er the hero's head:
Deep rooted in the ground, the forceful spear
In long vibrations spent its fury there.
With clashing falchions now the chiefs had clos'd,
But each brave Ajax heard, and interpos'd:
Nor longer Hector with his Trojans stood,
But left their slain companion in his blood:
His arms Automedon divests, and cries,
Accept, Patroclus! this mean sacrifice:
Thus have I sooth'd my griefs, and thus have paid,
Poor as it is, some off'ring to thy shade.
So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,
All grim with rage, and horrible with gore;
High on the chariot at one bound he sprung,
And o'er his seat the bloody trophies hung.
And now Minerva, from the realms of air
Descends impetuous, and renews the war;
For, pleas'd at length the Grecian arms to aid,
The lord of thunders sent the blue-ey'd maid.
As when high Jove denouncing future woe,
O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow,

(In sign of tempests from the troubled air,
Or from the rage of man, destructive war)
The drooping cattle dread th' impending skies,
And from his half-till'd field the lab'rer flies:
In such a form the goddess round her drew
A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.
Assuming Phœnix' shape, on earth she falls,
And in his well-known voice to Sparta calls:
And lies Achilles' friend, belov'd by all,
A prey to dogs beneath the Trojan wall?
What shame to Greece for future times to tell,
To thee the greatest in whose cause he fell!
O chief, O father! (Atreus' son replies)
O full of days! by long experience wise!
What more desires my soul, than here unmov'd
To guard the body of the man I lov'd?
Ah would Minerva send me strength to rear
This wearied arm, and ward the storm of war!
But Hector, like the rage of fire we dread,
And Jove's own glories blaze around his head.
Pleas'd to be first of all the pow'rs addrest,
She breathes new vigour in her hero's breast,
And fills with keen revenge, with fell despite,
Desire of blood, and rage, and lust of fight.

So burns the vengeful hornet (soul all o'er),
Repuls'd in vain, and thirsty still of gore;
(Bold son of air and heat) on angry wings
Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and stings.
Fir'd with like ardour fierce Atrides flew,
And sent his soul with ev'ry lance he threw.

There stood a Trojan, not unknown to fame,
Eëtion's son, and Podes was his name;
With riches honour'd, and with courage blest,
By Hector lov'd, his comrade, and his guest;
Through his broad belt the spear a passage found,
And, pond'rous as he falls, his arms resound.

Sudden at Hector's side Apollo stood,
Like Phænops, Asius' son, appear'd the god;
(Asius the great, who held his wealthy reign
In fair Abydos, by the rolling main).

O princê (he cried) O foremost once in fame!
What Grecian now shall tremble at thy name?
Dost thou at length to Meneläus yield,
A chief once thought no terror of the field;
Yet singly, now, the long-disputed prize
He bears victorious, while our army flies.
By the same arm illustrious Podes bled;
The friend of Hector, unreveng'd, is dead!

This heard, o'er Hector spreads a cloud of woe,
Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.
But now th' Eternal shook his sable shield,
That shaded Ide and all the subject field
Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud
Involv'd the mount; the thunder roar'd aloud;
Th' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,
And blaze beneath the lightnings of the god:
At one regard of his all-seeing eye
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly.
Then trembled Greece: the flight Peneleus led;
For as the brave Bœotian turn'd his head
To face the foe, Polydamas drew near,
And raz'd his shoulder with a shorten'd spear:
By Hector wounded, Leitus quits the plain,
Pierc'd thro' the wrist; and raging with the pain,
Grasps his once formidable lance in vain.
As Hector follow'd, Idomen addrest
The flaming jav'lin to his manly breast;
The brittle point before his cors'let yields;
Exulting Troy with clamour fills the fields:
High on his chariot as the Cretan stood,
The son of Priam whirl'd the missive wood;
But erring from its aim, th' impetuous spear
Struck to the dust the 'squire and charioteer

Of martial Merion: Cœranus his name,
Who left fair Lyctus for the fields of fame.
On foot bold Merion fought; and now laid low,
Had grac'd the triumphs of his Trojan foe;
But the brave 'squire the ready coursers brought,
And with his life his master's safety bought.
Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,
The teeth it shatter'd, and the tongue it rent.
Prone from the seat he tumbles to the plain;
His dying hand forgets the falling rein:
This Merion reaches, bending from the car,
And urges to desert the hopeless war:
Idomeneus consents; the lash applies;
And the swift chariot to the navy flies.

Nor Ajax less the will of heav'n descried,
And conquest shifting to the Trojan side,
Turn'd by the hand of Jove. Then thus begun,
To Atreus' seed, the godlike Telamon:

Alas! who sees not Jove's almighty hand
Transfers the glory to the Trojan band?
Whether the weak or strong discharge the dart,
He guides each arrow to a Grecian heart:
Not so our spears; incessant though they rain,
He suffers ev'ry lance to fall in vain.

Deserted of the god, yet let us try
What human strength and prudence can supply;
If yet this honour'd corpse, in triumph borne,
May glad the fleets that hope not our return,
Who tremble yet, scarce rescu'd from their fates,
And still hear Hector thund'ring at their gates.
Some hero too must be dispatch'd to bear
The mournful message to Pelides' ear;
For sure he knows not, distant on the shore,
His friend, his lov'd Patroclus, is no more.
But such a chief I spy not through the host:
The men, the steeds, the armies, all are lost
In gen'ral darkness——Lord of earth and air!
O king! O father! hear my humble pray'r:
Dispel this cloud, the light of heav'n restore;
Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more:
If Greece must perish, we thy will obey,
But let us perish in the face of day!
With tears the hero spoke, and at his pray'r
The god relenting clear'd the clouded air;
Forth burst the sun with all-enlight'ning ray;
The blaze of armour flash'd against the day.
Now, now, Atrides! cast around thy sight;
If yet Antilochus survives the fight,

Let him to great Achilles' ear convey
The fatal news — Atrides hastes away.
So turns the lion from the nightly fold,
Though high in courage, and with hunger bold,
Long gall'd by herdsmen, and long vex'd by hounds,
Stiff with fatigue, and fretted sore with wounds;
The darts fly round him from an hundred hands,
And the red terrors of the blazing brands:
Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day
Sour he departs, and quits th' untasted prey.
So mov'd Atrides from his dang'rous place
With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace;
The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain,
And much admonish'd, much adjur'd his train:
O guard these relics to your charge consign'd,
And bear the merits of the dead in mind;
How skill'd he was in each obliging art;
The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart:
He was, alas! but fate decreed his end,
In death a hero, as in life a friend!
So parts the chief; from rank to rank he flew,
And round on all sides sent his piercing view.
As the bold bird, endu'd with sharpest eye
Of all that wing the mid aërial sky,

The sacred eagle, from his walks above
Looks down, and sees the distant thicket move;
Then stoops, and sousing on the quiv'ring hare,
Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.
Not with less quickness, his exerted sight
Pass'd this, and that way, thro' the ranks of fight:
Till on the left the chief he sought, he found,
Cheering his men, and spreading deaths around:
To him the king: Belov'd of Jove! draw near,
For sadder tidings never touch'd thy ear;
Thy eyes have witness'd, what a fatal turn!
How Ilion triumphs, and th' Achaians mourn;
This is not all: Patroclus, on the shore
Now pale and dead, shall succour Greece no more.
Fly to the fleet, this instant fly, and tell
The sad Achilles, how his lov'd-one fell:
He too may haste the naked corpse to gain:
The arms are Hector's, who despoil'd the slain.
The youthful warrior heard with silent woe,
From his fair eyes the tears began to flow:
Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say
What sorrow dictates, but no word found way.
To brave Laodocus his arms he flung,
Who, near him wheeling, drove his steeds along;

Then ran, the mournful message to impart,
With tearful eyes, and with dejected heart.
Swift fled the youth: nor Menelaüs stands
(Tho' sore distress'd) to aid the Pylian bands;
But bids bold Thrasymede those troops sustain;
Himself returns to his Patroclus slain.
Gone is Antilochus (the hero said),
But hope not, warriors, for Achilles' aid:
Tho' fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe,
Unarm'd, he fights not with the Trojan foe.
'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain,
'Tis our own vigour must the dead regain;
And save ourselves, while with impetuous hate
Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate.
'Tis well (said Ajax), be it then thy care,
With Merion's aid, the weighty corpse to rear;
Myself, and my bold brother, will sustain
The shock of Hector and his charging train:
Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side;
What Troy can dare, we have already tried,
Have tried it, and have stood. The hero said.
High from the ground the warriors heave the dead.
A gen'ral clamour rises at the sight:
Loud shout the Trojans, and renew the fight.

Not fiercer rush along the gloomy wood,
With rage insatiate and with thirst of blood,
Voracious hounds, that many a length before
Their furious hunters drive the wounded boar;
But if the savage turns his glaring eye,
They howl aloof, and round the forest fly.
Thus on retreating Greece the Trojans pour,
Wave their thick falchions, and their jav'lins show'r:
But Ajax turning, to their fears they yield,
All pale they tremble, and forsake the field.

While thus aloft the hero's corpse they bear,
Behind them rages all the storm of war;
Confusion, tumult, horror, o'er the throng
Of men, steeds, chariots, urg'd the rout along:
Less fierce the winds with rising flames conspire
To whelm some city under waves of fire,
Now sink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes,
Now crack the blazing temples of the gods;
The rumbling torrent through the ruin rolls,
And sheets of smoke mount heavy to the poles.
The heroes sweat beneath their honour'd load:
As when two mules, along the rugged road,
From the steep mountain with exerted strength
Drag some vast beam, or mast's unwieldy length;

Inly they groan, big drops of sweat distill,
Th' enormous timber lumb'ring down the hill:
So these——Behind, the bulk of Ajax stands,
And breaks the torrent of the rushing bands.
Thus when a river swell'd with sudden rains
Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains,
Some interposing hill the stream divides,
And breaks its force, and turns the winding tides.
Still close they follow, close the rear engage;
Æneas storms, and Hector foams with rage:
While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains,
Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes,
That shriek incessant while the falcon, hung
High on pois'd pinions, threats their callow young.
So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly,
Such the wild terror, and the mingled cry:
Within, without the trench, and all the way,
Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour lay;
Such horror Jove impress'd! yet still proceeds
The work of death, and still the battle bleeds.

SELECT NOTES

TO

BOOK XVII.

This is the only book of the Iliad which is a continued description of a battle, without any digression or episode, that serves for an interval to refresh the reader. The heavenly machines too are fewer than in any other. Homer seems to have trusted wholly to the force of his own genius, as sufficient to support him, whatsoever lengths he was carried by it. But that spirit which animates the original, is what I am sensible evaporates so much in my hands, that, though I cannot think my author tedious, I should have made him seem so, if I had not translated this book with all possible conciseness. I hope there is nothing material omitted, though the version consists but of sixty-five lines more than the original.

However, one may observe there are more turns of fortune, more defeats, more rallyings, more accidents in this battle, than in any other; because it was to be the last wherein the Greeks and Trojans were upon equal terms, before the return of Achilles: and besides, all this serves to introduce the chief hero with the greater pomp and dignity.

V. 5. *Thus round her new-fall'n young*, &c.] It seems to me remarkable, that the several comparisons to illustrate the concern for Patroclus are taken from the most tender sentiments of nature. Achilles, in the beginning of the sixteenth book, considers him as a child, and himself as his mother. The sorrow of Menelaus is here described as that of a heifer for her young one. Perhaps these are designed to intimate the excellent temper and goodness of Patroclus, which is expressed in that fine elogy of him in this book, v. 671. Πασιν γαρ επιστατο μειλιχος ειναι, 'He knew how to be good-natured to all men.' This gave all man-

kind these sentiments for him, and no doubt the same is strongly pointed at by the uncommon concern of the whole army to rescue his body.

The dissimilitude of manners between these two friends, Achilles and Patroclus, is very observable: such friendships are not uncommon, and I have often assigned this reason for them, that it is natural for men to seek the assistance of those qualities in others which they want themselves. That is still better if applied to Providence, which associates men of different and contrary qualities, in order to make a more perfect system. But, whatever is customary in nature, Homer had a good poetical reason for it; for it affords many incidents to illustrate the manners of them both more strongly; and is what they call a contrast in painting.

V. 11. *The son of Panthus.*] The conduct of Homer is admirable, in bringing Euphorbus and Menelaus together upon this occasion; for hardly any thing but such a signal revenge for the death of his brother, could have made Euphorbus stand the encounter. Menelaus putting him in mind of the death of his brother, gives occasion (I think) to one of the finest answers in all Homer; in which the insolence of Menelaus is retorted in a way to draw pity from every reader; and I believe there is hardly one, after such a speech, that would not wish Euphorbus had the better of Menelaus: a writer of romances would not have failed to have given Euphorbus the victory. But, however, it was fitter to make Menelaus, who had received the greatest injury, do the most revengeful actions.

V. 55. *Instarr'd with gems and gold.*] We have seen here a Trojan who used gold and silver to adorn his hair; which made Pliny say, that he doubted whether the women were the first that used those ornaments. 'Est quidem apud eundem [Homerum] virorum crinibus aurum implexum, ideo nescio an prior usus à fœminis cœperit,' lib. xxxiii. cap. 1. He might likewise have strengthened his doubt by the custom of the Athenians, who put into their hair little grasshoppers of gold. Dacier.

V. 57. *As the young olive,* &c.] This exquisite simile finely illustrates the beauty and sudden fall of Euphorbus, in which the

allusion to that circumstance of his comely hair is peculiarly happy. Porphyry and Jamblicus acquaint us of the particular affection Pythagoras had for these verses, which he set to the harp, and used to repeat as his own Epicedion. Perhaps it was his fondness of them, which put it into his head to say, that his soul transmigrated to him from this hero. However it was, this conceit of Pythagoras is famous in antiquity, and has given occasion to a dialogue in Lucian entitled 'The Cock,' which is, I think, the finest piece of that author.

V. 237. *Already had stern Hector*, &c.] Homer takes care, so long beforehand, to lessen in his reader's mind the horror he may conceive from the cruelty that Achilles will exercise upon the body of Hector. That cruelty will be only the punishment of this which Hector here exercises upon the body of Patroclus; he drags him, he designs to cut off his head, and to leave his body upon the ramparts, exposed to dogs and birds of prey. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 209. *Hector in proud Achilles' arms shall shine.*] The ancients have observed that Homer causes the arms of Achilles to fall into Hector's power, to equal in some sort those two heroes in the battle wherein he is going to engage them. Otherwise it might be urged, that Achilles could not have killed Hector without the advantage of having his armour made by the hand of a god, whereas Hector's was only of the hand of a mortal; but since both were clad in armour made by Vulcan, Achilles's victory will be complete, and in its full lustre. Besides this reason (which is for necessity and probability) there is also another, for ornament; for Homer here prepares to introduce that beautiful episode of the divine armour, which Vulcan makes for Achilles. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 231. *Jupiter's speech to Hector.*] How beautiful is that sentiment upon the miserable state of mankind, introduced here so artfully, and so strongly enforced, by being put into the mouth of the Supreme Being! And how pathetic the denunciation of Hector's death, by that circumstance of Andromache's disappointment, when she shall no more receive her hero glorious from the battle, in the armour of his conquered enemy!

V. 247. *The stubborn arms*, &c.] The words are,

Η, και κυανησιν επ' οφρυσι νευσε Κρονιων,
Ἑλλοχι δ' ἡρμοσε τευχε' επι χροι.

If we give ἡρμοσε a passive signification, it will be, the arms fitted Hector; but if an active (as those take it who would put a greater difference between Hector and Achilles) then it belongs to Jupiter; and the sense will be, Jupiter made the arms fit for him, which were too large before: I have chosen the last as the more poetical sense.

V. 356. *Panope renown'd.*] Panope was a small town twenty stadia from Chæronea, on the side of mount Parnassus, and it is hard to know why Homer gives it the epithet of renowned, and makes it the residence of Schedius, king of the Phocians; when it was but nine hundred paces in circuit, and had no palace, nor gymnasium, nor theatre, nor market, nor fountain; nothing in short that ought to have been in a town which is the residence of a king. Pausanias (in Phocic.) gives the reason of it; he says, that as Phocis was exposed on that side to the inroads of the Bœotians, Schedius made use of Panope as a sort of citadel, or place of arms. DACIER.

V. 422. *In one thick darkness*, &c.] The darkness spread over the body of Patroclus is artful upon several accounts. First, a fine image of poetry. Next, a token of Jupiter's love to a righteous man: but the chief design is to protract the action; which, if the Trojans had seen the spot, must have been decided one way or other in a very short time. Besides, the Trojans having the better in the action, must have seized the body, contrary to the intention of the author. There are innumerable instances of these little niceties and particularities of conduct in Homer.

V. 436. *Meanwhile the sons of Nestor, in the rear,* &c.] It is not without reason Homer in this place makes particular mention of the sons of Nestor. It is to prepare us against he sends one of them to Achilles, to tell him the death of his friend.

V. 450. *As when a slaughter'd bull's yet-reeking hide.*] Homer gives us a most most lively description of their drawing the body on all sides, and instructs in the ancient manner of stretch-

ing hides, being first made soft and supple with oil. And though this comparison be one of those mean and humble ones which some have objected to, yet it has also its admirers for being so expressive, and for representing to the imagination the most strong and exact idea of the subject in hand. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 485. *The pensive steeds of great Achilles*, &c.] As to the particular fiction of the horses weeping, it is countenanced both by naturalists and historians. Aristotle and Pliny write, that these animals often deplore their masters lost in battle, and even shed tears for them. So Solinus, cap. 47. ÆElian relates the like of elephants, when they are carried from their native country, De Animal. lib. x. cap. 17. Suetonius in the life of Cæsar, tells us, that several horses, which at the passage of the Rubicon had been consecrated to Mars, and turned loose on the banks, were observed for some days after to abstain from feeding, and to weep abundantly. 'Proximis diebus, equorum greges quos in trajiciendo Rubicone flumine Marti consecrârat, ac sine custode vagos dimiserat, comperit pabulo pertinacissimè abstinere, ubertimque flere.' cap. 81.

V. 494. *Or fix'd, as stands a marble courser*, &c.] Homer alludes to the custom in those days of placing columns upon tombs, on which columns there were frequently chariots with two or four horses. This furnished Homer with this beautiful image, as if these horses meant to remain there, to serve for an immortal monument to Patroclus. DACIER.

I believe M. Dacier refines too much in this note. Homer says—ne γυναικος, and seems to turn the thought only on the firmness of the column, and not on the imagery of it: which would give it an air a little too modern, like that of Shakspeare, 'She sat like patience on a monument, smiling at grief.' – Be it as it will, this conjecture is ingenious; and the whole comparison is as beautiful as just. The horses standing still to mourn for their master, could not be more finely represented than by the dumb sorrow of images standing over a tomb. Perhaps the very posture in which these horses are described, their heads bowed down, and their manes falling in the dust, has an allusion to the

attitude in which those statues on monuments were usually represented: there are bass-reliefs that favour this conjecture.

V. 555. *Scarce their weak drivers.*] There was but one driver, since Alcimedon was alone upon the chariot, and Automedon was got down to fight. But in poetry, as well as in painting, there is often but one moment to be taken hold on. Hector sees Alcimedon mount the chariot, before Automedon was descended from it; and thereupon judging of their intention, and seeing them both as yet upon the chariot, he calls to Æneas. He terms them both drivers in mockery, because he saw them take the reins one after the other; as if he said, that chariot had two drivers, but never a fighter. It is one single moment that makes this image. In reading the poets one often falls into great perplexities, for want of rightly distinguishing the point of time in which they speak DACIER.

The art of Homer, in this whole passage concerning Automedon, is very remarkable, in finding out the only proper occasion for so renowned a person as the charioteer of Achilles to signalize his valour.

V. 642. *So burns the vengeful hornet, &c.*] It is literally in the Greek, 'She inspir'd the hero with the boldness of a fly.' There is no impropriety in the comparison, this animal being of all others the most persevering in its attacks, and the most difficult to be beaten off: the occasion also of the comparison being the resolute persistence of Menelaus about the dead body, renders it still the more just. But our present idea of the fly is indeed very low, as taken from the littleness and insignificancy of this creature. However, since there is really no meanness in it, there ought to be none in expressing it; and I have done my best in the translation to keep up the dignity of my author.

V. 731. *If Greece must perish, we thy will obey,*
But let us perish in the face of day!]

This thought has been looked upon as one of the sublimest in Homer.

Mons. Boileau has translated this passage in two lines:

'Grand Dieu! chasse la nuit qui nous couvre les yeux,

And Mr. la Motte yet better in one,

'Grand Dieu! rends nous le jour, et combats contre nous!'

But both these (as Dacier very justly observes) are contrary to Homer's sense. He is far from representing Ajax of such a daring impiety, as to bid Jupiter combat against him; but only makes him ask for light, that if it be his will the Greeks shall perish, they may perish in open day. Και ολεσσον—(says he) that is, 'abandon us, withdraw from us your assistance;' for those who are deserted by Jove must perish infallibly. This decorum of Homer ought to have been preserved.

V. 785. *To brave Laodocus his arms he flung.*] Antilochus leaves his armour, not only that he might make the more haste, but (as the ancients conjecture) that he might not be thought to be absent by the enemies; and that seeing his armour on some other person, they might think him still in the fight. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 825. &c.] The heap of images which Homer throws together at the end of this book, makes the same action appear with a very beautiful variety. The description of the burning of a city is short, but very lively. That of Ajax alone bringing up the rear guard, and shielding those that bore the body of Patroclus from the whole Trojan host, gives a prodigious idea of Ajax, and as Homer has often hinted, makes him just second to Achilles. The image of the beam paints the great stature of Patroclus: that of the hill dividing the stream is noble and natural.

He compares the Ajaces to a boar, for their fierceness and boldness; to a long bank that keeps off the course of the waters, for their standing firm and immovable in the battle: those that carry the dead body to mules dragging a vast beam through rugged paths, for their laboriousness: the body carried, to a beam, for being heavy and inanimate: the Trojans to dogs, for their boldness; and to water, for their agility and moving backwards and forwards: the Greeks to a flight of starlings and jays, for their timorousness and swiftness. EUSTATHIUS.

THE

EIGHTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE GRIEF OF ACHILLES, AND NEW ARMOUR MADE HIM BY VULCAN.

The news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis hearing his lamentations, comes with all her sea-nymphs to comfort him. The speeches of the mother and son on this occasion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to shew himself at the head of the intrenchments. The sight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamus disagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field. The grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan to obtain new arms for her son. The description of the wonderful works of Vulcan; and, lastly, that noble one of the shield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine and twentieth day, and the night ensuing, take up this book. The scene is at Achilles's tent on the sea-shore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan.

Painted by H.r Fuseli R.A.

Engraved by Edw.d Smith

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BOOK XVIII.

Thus like the rage of fire the combat burns,
And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.
Meanwhile, where Hellespont's broad waters flow,
Stood Nestor's son, the messenger of woe:
There sat Achilles, shaded by his sails,
On hoisted yards extended to the gales;
Pensive he sat; for all that fate design'd
Rose in sad prospect to his boding mind.
Thus to his soul he said: Ah! what constrains
The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the plains?
Is this the day, which heav'n so long ago
Ordain'd, to sink me with the weight of woe?
(So Thetis warn'd) when by a Trojan hand
The bravest of the Myrmidonian band
Should lose the light? Fulfill'd is that decree;
Fall'n is the warrior, and Patroclus he!
In vain I charg'd him soon to quit the plain,
And warn'd to shun Hectorean force in vain!
Thus while he thinks, Antilochus appears,
And tells the melancholy tale with tears.

Sad tidings, son of Peleus! thou must hear;
And wretched I, th' unwilling messenger!
Dead is Patroclus! For his corpse they fight;
His naked corpse: his arms are Hector's right.
A sudden horror shot through all the chief,
And wrapt his senses in the cloud of grief;
Cast on the ground, with furious hands he spread
The scorching ashes o'er his graceful head;
His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
Those he deforms with dust, and these he tears;
On the hard soil his groaning breast he threw,
And roll'd and grovell'd, as to earth he grew.
The virgin captives, with disorder'd charms,
(Won by his own, or by Patroclus' arms)
Rush'd from the tents with cries; and gath'ring round,
Beat their white breasts, and fainted on the ground:
While Nestor's son sustains a manlier part,
And mourns the warrior with a warrior's heart;
Hangs on his arms, amidst his frantic woe,
And oft prevents the meditated blow.

Far in the deep abysses of the main,
With hoary Nereus, and the wat'ry train,
The mother-goddess from her crystal throne
Heard his loud cries, and answer'd groan for groan

The circling Nereids with their mistress weep,
And all the sea-green sisters of the deep.
Thalia, Glauce (ev'ry watery name),
Nesæa mild, and silver Spio came:
Cymothoë and Cymodoce were nigh,
And the blue languish of soft Alia's eye.
Their locks Actæa and Limnoria rear,
Then Proto, Doris, Panope appear,
Thoa, Pherusa, Doto, Melita;
Agave gentle, and Amphithoë gay:
Next Callianira, Callianassa show
Their sister looks; Dexamene the slow,
And swift Dynamene, now cut the tides:
Iæra now the verdant wave divides:
Nemertes with Apseudes lifts the head,
Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed;
These Orythia, Clymene, attend,
Mæra, Amphinome, the train extend;
And black Janira, and Janassa fair,
And Amatheia with her amber hair.
All these, and all that deep in ocean held
Their sacred seats, the glimm'ring grotto fill'd;
Each beat her iv'ry breast with silent woe,

Hear me, and judge, ye sisters of the main!
How just a cause has Thetis to complain?
How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!
How more than wretched in th' immortal state!
Sprung from my bed a godlike hero came,
The bravest far that ever bore the name;
Like some fair olive, by my careful hand
He grew, he flourish'd, and adorn'd the land:
To Troy I sent him; but the fates ordain
He never, never must return again.
So short a space the light of heav'n to view,
So short, alas! and fill'd with anguish too!
Hear how his sorrows echo through the shore!
I cannot ease them, but I must deplore;
I go at least to bear a tender part,
And mourn my lov'd-one with a mother's heart.
She said, and left the caverns of the main,
All bath'd in tears; the melancholy train
Attend her way. Wide-op'ning part the tides,
While the long pomp the silver wave divides.
Approaching now, they touch'd the Trojan land;
Then, two by two, ascended up the strand.
Th' immortal mother, standing close beside
Her mournful offspring, to his sighs replied;

Along the coast their mingled clamours ran,
And thus the silver-footed dame began.
Why mourns my son? thy late preferr'd request
The god has granted, and the Greeks distrest:
Why mourns my son? thy anguish let me share,
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.
He, deeply groaning—To this cureless grief,
Not e'en the thund'rer's favour brings relief.
Patroclus—Ah!—say, goddess, can I boast
A pleasure now? revenge itself is lost;
Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
Beyond mankind, beyond myself, is slain!
Lost are those arms the gods themselves bestow'd
On Peleus; Hector bears the glorious load.
Curs'd be that day, when all the pow'rs above
Thy charms submitted to a mortal love:
O hadst thou still, a sister of the main,
Pursu'd the pleasures of the wat'ry reign;
And happier Peleus, less ambitious, led
A mortal beauty to his equal bed!
Ere the sad fruit of thy unhappy womb
Had caus'd such sorrows past, and woes to come.
For soon, alas! that wretched offspring slain,
New woes, new sorrows, shall create again.

'Tis not in fate th' alternate now to give;
Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live.
Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,
Let his last spirit smoke upon my dart;
On these conditions will I breathe: till then,
I blush to walk among the race of men.
A flood of tears, at this, the goddess shed:
Ah then, I see thee dying, see thee dead!
When Hector falls, thou diest.—Let Hector die,
And let me fall! (Achilles made reply)
Far lies Patroclus from his native plain!
He fell, and falling, wish'd my aid in vain.
Ah then, since from this miserable day
I cast all hope of my return away,
Since, unreveng'd, a hundred ghosts demand
The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand;
Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,
I live an idle burden to the ground,
(Others in council fam'd for nobler skill,
More useful to preserve, than I to kill)
Let me—But oh! ye gracious pow'rs above!
Wrath and revenge from men and gods remove:
Far, far too dear to ev'ry mortal breast,
Sweet to the soul, as honey to the taste;

Gath'ring like vapours of a noxious kind
From fiery blood, and dark'ning all the mind.
Me Agamemnon urg'd to deadly hate;
'Tis past—I quell it; I resign to fate.
Yes—I will meet the murd'rer of my friend;
Or (if the gods ordain it) meet my end.
The stroke of fate the bravest cannot shun:
The great Alcides, Jove's unequall'd son,
To Juno's hate at length resign'd his breath,
And sunk the victim of all-conqu'ring death.
So shall Achilles fall! stretch'd pale and dead,
No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread!
Let me, this instant, rush into the fields,
And reap what glory life's short harvest yields.
Shall I not force some widow'd dame to tear
With frantic hands her long dishevell'd hair?
Shall I not force her breasts to heave with sighs,
And the soft tears to trickle from her eyes?
Yes, I shall give the fair those mournful charms—
In vain you hold me—Hence! my arms, my arms!—
Soon shall the sanguine torrent spread so wide,
That all shall know, Achilles swells the tide.
My son (Cærulean Thetis made reply,
To fate submitting with a secret sigh),

The host to succour, and thy friends to save,
Is worthy thee; the duty of the brave.
But canst thou, naked, issue to the plains?
Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains.
Insulting Hector bears the spoils on high,
But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh.
Yet, yet awhile, thy gen'rous ardour stay;
Assur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day,
Charg'd with refulgent arms (a glorious load),
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a god.

Then turning to the daughters of the main,
The goddess thus dismiss'd her azure train.

Ye sister Nereids! to your deeps descend;
Haste, and our father's sacred seat attend;
I go to find the architect divine,
Where vast Olympus' starry summits shine:
So tell our hoary sire——This charge she gave:
The sea-green sisters plunge beneath the wave:
Thetis once more ascends the bless'd abodes,
And treads the brazen threshold of the gods.

And now the Greeks, from furious Hector's force,
Urge to broad Hellespont their headlong course;
Nor yet their chiefs Patroclus' body bore
Safe through the tempest to the tented shore.

The horse, the foot, with equal fury join'd,
Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd close behind;
And like a flame through fields of ripen'd corn,
The rage of Hector o'er the ranks was borne.
Thrice the slain hero by the foot he drew;
Thrice to the skies the Trojan clamours flew:
As oft th' Ajaces his assault sustain;
But check'd, he turns; repuls'd, attacks again.
With fiercer shouts his ling'ring troops he fires,
Nor yields a step, nor from his post retires:
So watchful shepherds strive to force, in vain,
The hungry lion from a carcase slain.
E'en yet Patroclus had he borne away,
And all the glories of th' extended day,
Had not high Juno, from the realms of air,
Secret, dispatch'd her trusty messenger.
The various goddess of the show'ry bow,
Shot in a whirlwind to the shore below;
To great Achilles at his ships she came,
And thus begun the many-colour'd dame.

Rise, son of Peleus! rise divinely brave!
Assist the combat, and Patroclus save:
For him the slaughter to the fleet they spread,
And fall by mutual wounds around the dead.

To drag him back to Troy the foe contends:
Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends:
A prey to dogs he dooms the corpse to lie,
And marks the place to fix his head on high.
Rise, and prevent (if yet you think of fame)
Thy friend's disgrace, thy own eternal shame!

Who sends thee, goddess, from th' ethereal skies?
Achilles thus. And Iris thus replies.

I come, Pelides! from the queen of Jove,
Th' immortal empress of the realms above;
Unknown to him who sits remote on high,
Unknown to all the synod of the sky.
Thou com'st in vain, he cries (with fury warm'd),
Arms I have none; and can I fight unarm'd?
Unwilling as I am, of force I stay,
Till Thetis bring me at the dawn of day
Vulcanian arms: what other can I wield;
Except the mighty Telamonian shield?
That, in my friend's defence, has Ajax spread,
While his strong lance around him heaps the dead:
The gallant chief defends Menœtius' son,
And does what his Achilles should have done.

Thy want of arms (said Iris) well we know,
But though unarm'd, yet clad in terrors, go!

Let but Achilles o'er yon trench appear;
Proud Troy shall tremble, and consent to fear:
Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye
Shall take new courage, and disdain to fly.
She spoke, and pass'd in air. The hero rose:
Her ægis Pallas o'er his shoulder throws;
Around his brows a golden cloud she spread;
A stream of glory flam'd above his head.
As when from some beleaguer'd town arise
The smokes, high-curling to the shaded skies;
(Seen from some island, o'er the main afar,
When men distress'd hang out the sign of war)
Soon as the sun in ocean hides his rays,
Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze;
With long-projected beams the seas are bright,
And heav'n's high arch reflects the ruddy light:
So from Achilles' head the splendours rise,
Reflecting blaze on blaze against the skies.
Forth march'd the chief, and distant from the crowd,
High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud;
With her own shout Minerva swells the sound;
Troy starts astonish'd, and the shores rebound.
As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far
With shrilling clangor sounds th' alarm of war,

Struck from the walls, the echoes float on high,
And the round bulwarks and thick tow'rs reply;
So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd:
Hosts drop their arms, and trembled as they heard;
And back the chariots roll; and coursers bound,
And steeds and men lie mingled on the ground.
Aghast they see the living lightnings play,
And turn their eye-balls from the flashing ray.
Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he rais'd;
And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd.
Twelve in the tumult wedg'd, untimely rush'd
On their own spears, by their own chariots crush'd:
While, shielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain
The long-contended carcase of the slain.

A lofty bier the breathless warrior bears:
Around, his sad companions melt in tears.
But chief Achilles, bending down his head,
Pours unavailing sorrows o'er the dead,
Whom late triumphant, with his steeds and car,
He sent refulgent to the field of war;
(Unhappy change!) now senseless, pale, he found,
Stretch'd forth, and gash'd with many a gaping wound.

Meantime unwearied with his heav'nly way,
In ocean's waves th' unwilling light of day

Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high command,
And from their labours eas'd th' Achaian band.
The frighted Trojans (panting from the war,
Their steeds unharness'd from the weary car)
A sudden council call'd: each chief appear'd
In haste, and standing; for to sit they fear'd.
'Twas now no season for prolong'd debate;
They saw Achilles, and in him their fate.
Silent they stood: Polydamas at last,
Skill'd to discern the future by the past,
The son of Panthus, thus express'd his fears;
(The friend of Hector, and of equal years:
The self-same night to both a being gave,
One wise in council, one in action brave).
In free debate, my friends, your sentence speak;
For me, I move, before the morning break,
To raise our camp: too dang'rous here our post,
Far from Troy walls, and on a naked coast.
I deem'd not Greece so dreadful, while engag'd
In mutual feuds her king and hero rag'd;
Then, while we hop'd our armies might prevail,
We boldly camp'd beside a thousand sail.
I dread Pelides now: his rage of mind
Not long continues to the shores confin'd,

Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray
Contending nations won and lost the day;
For Troy, for Troy, shall henceforth be the strife,
And the hard contest not for fame, but life.
Haste then to Ilion, while the fav'ring night
Detains those terrors, keeps that arm from fight;
If but the morrow's sun behold us here,
That arm, those terrors, we shall feel, not fear;
And hearts that now disdain, shall leap with joy,
If heav'n permit them then to enter Troy.
Let not my fatal prophecy be true,
Nor what I tremble but to think, ensue.
Whatever be our fate, yet let us try
What force of thought and reason can supply;
Let us on counsel for our guard depend;
The town her gates and bulwarks shall defend.
When morning dawns, our well-appointed pow'rs,
Array'd in arms, shall line the lofty tow'rs.
Let the fierce hero then, when fury calls,
Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,
Or fetch a thousand circles round the plain,
Till his spent coursers seek the fleet again:
So may his rage be tir'd, and labour'd down;
And dogs shall tear him ere he sack the town.

Return? (said Hector, fir'd with stern disdain)
What coop whole armies in our walls again?
Was't not enough, ye valiant warriors, say,
Nine years imprison'd in those tow'rs ye lay?
Wide o'er the world was Ilion fam'd of old
For brass exhaustless, and for mines of gold:
But while inglorious in her walls we stay'd,
Sunk were her treasures, and her stores decay'd;
The Phrygians now her scatter'd spoils enjoy,
And proud Mæonia wastes the fruits of Troy.
Great Jove at length my arms to conquest calls,
And shuts the Grecians in their wooden walls:
Dar'st thou dispirit whom the gods incite?
Flies any Trojan? I shall stop his flight.
To better counsel then attention lend;
Take due refreshment, and the watch attend.
If there be one whose riches cost him care,
Forth let him bring them for the troops to share;
'Tis better gen'rously bestow'd on those,
Than left the plunder of our country's foes.
Soon as the morn the purple orient warms,
Fierce on yon navy will we pour our arms.
If great Achilles rise in all his might,
His be the danger: I shall stand the fight.

Honour, ye gods! or let me gain, or give;
And live he glorious, whosoe'er shall live!
Mars is our common lord, alike to all;
And oft the victor triumphs, but to fall.
The shouting host in loud applauses join'd:
So Pallas robb'd the many of their mind;
To their own sense condemn'd, and left to choose
The worst advice, the better to refuse.
While the long night extends her sable reign,
Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train.
Stern in superior grief Pelides stood;
Those slaught'ring arms, so us'd to bathe in blood,
Now clasp his clay-cold limbs: then gushing start
The tears, and sighs burst from his swelling heart.
The lion thus, with dreadful anguish stung,
Roars through the desart, and demands his young;
When the grim savage, to his rifled den
Too late returning, snuffs the track of men,
And o'er the vales and o'er the forest bounds;
His clam'rous grief the bellowing wood resounds.
So grieves Achilles; and, impetuous, vents
To all his Myrmidons his loud laments.
In what vain promise, gods! did I engage,
When to console Menœtius' feeble age,

I vow'd his much-lov'd offspring to restore,
Charg'd with rich spoils, to fair Opuntia's shore?
But mighty Jove cuts short, with just disdain,
The long, long views of poor designing man!
One fate the warrior and the friend shall strike,
And Troy's black sands must drink our blood alike:
Me too a wretched mother shall deplore,
An aged father never see me more!
Yet, my Patroclus! yet a space I stay,
Then swift pursue thee on the darksome way.
Ere thy dear relics in the grave are laid,
Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy shade;
That, with his arms, shall hang before thy shrine;
And twelve the noblest of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire;
Their lives effus'd around thy flaming pyre.
Thus let me lie till then! thus, closely prest,
Bathe thy cold face, and sob upon thy breast!
While Trojan captives here thy mourners stay,
Weep all the night, and murmur all the day:
Spoils of my arms, and thine; when, wasting wide,
Our swords kept time, and conquer'd side by side.

He spoke, and bid the sad attendants round
Cleanse the pale corpse, and wash each honour'd wound.

A massy cauldron of stupendous frame
They brought, and plac'd it o'er the rising flame:
Then heap the lighted wood; the flame divides
Beneath the vase, and climbs around the sides:
In its wide womb they pour the rushing stream;
The boiling water bubbles to the brim.
The body then they bathe with pious toil,
Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,
High on a bed of state extended laid,
And decent cover'd with a linen shade;
Last o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw;
That done, their sorrows and their sighs renew.

Meanwhile to Juno, in the realms above,
(His wife and sister) spoke almighty Jove.
At last thy will prevails: great Peleus' son
Rises in arms: such grace thy Greeks have won.
Say (for I know not) is their race divine,
And thou the mother of that martial line?

What words are these? (th' imperial dame replies,
While anger flash'd from her majestic eyes)
Succour like this a mortal arm might lend,
And such success mere human wit attend:
And shall not I, the second pow'r above,
Heav'n's queen, and consort of the thund'ring Jove,

Say, shall not I one nation's fate command,
Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land?
So they. Meanwhile the silver-footed dame
Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame!
High-eminent amid the works divine,
Whereheav'n's far-beaming brazen mansions shine.
There the lame architect the goddess found,
Obscure in smoke, his forges flaming round,
While bath'd in sweat from fire to fire he flew;
And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
That day no common task his labour claim'd:
Full twenty tripods for his hall he fram'd,
That plac'd on living wheels of massy gold,
(Wond'rous to tell) instinct with spirit roll'd
From place to place, around the bless'd abodes,
Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of gods:
For their fair handles now, o'erwrought with flow'rs,
In moulds prepar'd, the glowing ore he pours.
Just as responsive to his thought the frame
Stood prompt to move, the azure goddess came:
Charis, his spouse, a grace divinely fair,
(With purple fillets round her braided hair)
Observ'd her ent'ring; her soft hand she press'd,
And smiling, thus the wat'ry queen address'd.

What, goddess! this unusual favour draws?
All hail, and welcome! whatsoe'er the cause:
Till now a stranger, in a happy hour,
Approach, and taste the dainties of the bow'r.

High on a throne, with stars of silver grac'd,
And various artifice, the queen she plac'd;
A footstool at her feet: then calling, said,
Vulcan, draw near, 'tis Thetis asks your aid.
Thetis (replied the god) our pow'rs may claim,
An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name!
When my proud mother hurl'd me from the sky,
(My awkward form, it seems, displeas'd her eye)
She, and Eurynome, my griefs redrest,
And soft receiv'd me on their silver breast.
E'en then, these arts employ'd my infant thought;
Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys I wrought.
Nine years kept secret in the dark abode,
Secure I lay conceal'd from man and god:
Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led;
The rushing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.
Now, since her presence glads our mansion, say,
For such desert what service can I pay?
Vouchsafe, O Thetis! at our board to share
The genial rites, and hospitable fare;

While I the labours of the forge forego,
And bid the roaring bellows cease to blow.
Then from his anvil the lame artist rose;
Wide with distorted legs oblique he goes,
And stills the bellows, and (in order laid)
Locks in their chests his instruments of trade.
Then with a sponge the sooty workman drest
His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breast.
With his huge sceptre grac'd, and red attire,
Came halting forth the sov'reign of the fire:
The monarch's steps two female forms uphold,
That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated gold;
To whom was voice, and sense, and science giv'n,
Of works divine (such wonders are in heav'n!).
On these supported, with unequal gait,
He reach'd the throne where pensive Thetis sat;
There plac'd beside her on the shining frame,
He thus address'd the silver-footed dame.

Thee, welcome goddess! what occasion calls
(So long a stranger) to these honour'd walls?
'Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,
And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey.

To whom the mournful mother thus replies:
(The crystal drops stood trembling in her eyes)

O Vulcan! say, was ever breast divine
So pierc'd with sorrows, so o'erwhelm'd as mine?
Of all the goddesses, did Jove prepare
For Thetis only such a weight of care?
I, only I, of all the wat'ry race,
By force subjected to a man's embrace,
Who, sinking now with age and sorrow, pays
The mighty fine impos'd on length of days.
Sprung from my bed, a godlike hero came,
The bravest sure that ever bore the name;
Like some fair plant beneath my careful hand
He grew, he flourish'd, and he grac'd the land:
To Troy I sent him! but his native shore
Never, ah never, shall receive him more;
(E'en while he lives, he wastes with secret woe)
Nor I, a goddess, can retard the blow!
Robb'd of the prize, the Grecian suffrage gave,
The king of nations forc'd his royal slave:
For this he griev'd; and, till the Greeks opprest
Requir'd his arm, he sorrow'd unredrest.
Large gifts they promise, and their elders send;
In vain—He arms not, but permits his friend
His arms, his steeds, his forces to employ:
He marches, combats, almost conquers Troy:

Then slain by Phœbus (Hector had the name)
At once resigns his armour, life, and fame.
But thou, in pity, by my pray'r be won:
Grace with immortal arms this short-liv'd son,
And to the field in martial pomp restore,
To shine with glory, till he shines no more!

To her the artist-god: Thy griefs resign,
Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.
O could I hide him from the fates as well,
Or with these hands the cruel stroke repel,
As I shall forge most envied arms, the gaze
Of wond'ring ages, and the world's amaze!

Thus having said, the father of the fires
To the black labours of his forge retires.
Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd
Their iron mouths; and, where the furnace burn'd,
Resounding breath'd: at once the blast expires,
And twenty forges catch at once the fires;
Just as the god directs, now loud, now low,
They raise a tempest, or they gently blow;
In hissing flames huge silver bars are roll'd,
And stubborn brass, and tin, and solid gold:
Before, deep fix'd, th' eternal anvils stand;
The pond'rous hammer loads his better hand,

His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round,
And thick, strong strokes, the doubling vaults rebound.
Then first he form'd th' immense and solid shield;
Rich various artifice emblaz'd the field;
Its utmost verge a threefold circle bound;
A silver chain suspends the massy round;
Five ample plates the broad expanse compose,
And godlike labours on the surface rose.
There shone the image of the master-mind:
There earth, there heav'n, there ocean he design'd;
Th' unwearied sun, the moon completely round;
The starry lights that heav'n's high convex crown'd;
The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team;
And great Orion's more refulgent beam;
To which, around the axle of the sky,
The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye,
Still shines exalted on th' ethereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
Two cities radiant on the shield appear,
The image one of peace, and one of war.
Here sacred pomp, and genial feast delight,
And solemn dance, and hymenæal rite;

Along the street the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed:
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the soft flute, and cittern's silver sound:
Thro' the fair streets, the matrons in a row,
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.

There, in the forum swarm a num'rous train;
The subject of debate, a townsman slain:
One pleads the fine discharg'd, which one denied,
And bade the public and the laws decide:
The witness is produc'd on either hand:
For this, or that, the partial people stand:
Th' appointed heralds still the noisy bands,
And form a ring, with sceptres in their hands:
On seats of stone, within the sacred place,
The rev'rend elders nodded o'er the case;
Alternate, each th' attesting sceptre took,
And rising solemn, each his sentence spoke:
Two golden talents lay amidst, in sight,
The prize of him who best adjudg'd the right.

Another part (a prospect diff'ring far)
Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war.
Two mighty hosts a leaguer'd town embrace,
And one would pillage, one would burn the place.

Meantime the townsmen, arm'd with silent care,
A secret ambush on the foe prepare:
Their wives, their children, and the watchful band
Of trembling parents, on the turrets stand.
They march; by Pallas and by Mars made bold:
Gold were the gods, their radiant garments gold,
And gold their armour: these the squadron led,
August, divine, superior by the head!
A place for ambush fit, they found, and stood
Cover'd with shields, beside a silver flood.
Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem
If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream.
Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
And steers slow-moving, and two shepherd swains;
Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,
Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe.
In arms the glitt'ring squadron rising round,
Rush sudden; hills of slaughter heap the ground,
Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
And, all amidst them, dead, the shepherd swains!
The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear;
They rise, take horse, approach, and meet the war;
They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood;
The waving silver seem'd to blush with blood.

There tumult, there contention stood confest;
One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breast;
One held a living foe, that freshly bled
With new-made wounds; another dragg'd a dead;
Now here, now there, the carcases they tore:
Fate stalk'd amidst them, grim with human gore.
And the whole war came out, and met the eye;
And each bold figure seem'd to live, or die.

A field deep furrow'd, next the god design'd,
The third time labour'd by the sweating hind;
The shining shares full many ploughmen guide,
And turn their crooked yokes on ev'ry side.
Still as at either end they wheel around,
The master meets 'em with his goblet crown'd;
The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,
Then back the turning ploughshares cleave the soil:
Behind, the rising earth in ridges roll'd;
And sable look'd, though form'd of molten gold.

Another field rose high with waving grain;
With bended sickles stand the reaper-train:
Here stretch'd in ranks the levell'd swarths are found,
Sheaves heap'd on sheaves, here thicken up the ground.

With sweeping stroke the mowers strow the lands;
The gath'rers follow, and collect in bands;
And last the children, in whose arms are borne
(Too short to gripe them) the brown sheaves of corn.
The rustic monarch of the field descries
With silent glee the heaps around him rise.
A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade.
The victim ox the sturdy youth prepare;
The reaper's due repast, the women's care.

Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines,
Bent with the pond'rous harvest of its vines;
A deeper dye the dangling clusters show,
And curl'd on silver props, in order glow:
A darker metal mix'd, intrench'd the place;
And pales of glitt'ring tin th' inclosure grace.
To this, one path-way gently winding leads,
Where march a train with baskets on their heads,
(Fair maids, and blooming youths) that smiling bear
The purple product of th' autumnal year.
To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,
Whose tender lay the fate of Linus sings;
In measur'd dance behind him move the train,
Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain.

Here, herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
Rear high their horns, and seem to low in gold,
And speed to meadows on whose sounding shores
A rapid torrent through the rushes roars:
Four golden herdsmen as their guardians stand,
And nine sour dogs complete the rustic band.
Two lions rushing from the wood appear'd;
And seiz'd a bull, the master of the herd:
He roar'd: in vain the dogs, the men withstood;
They tore his flesh, and drank his sable blood.
The dogs (oft cheer'd in vain) desert the prey,
Dread the grim terrors, and at distance bay.

Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
Deep through fair forests, and a length of meads;
And stalls, and folds, and scatter'd cots between;
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the scene.

A figur'd dance succeeds: such once was seen
In lofty Gnossus, for the Cretan queen,
Form'd by Dædalean art: a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand.
The maids in soft simars of linen drest;
The youths all graceful in the glossy vest:
Of those the locks with flow'ry wreaths inroll'd;
Of these the sides adorn'd with swords of gold,

That, glitt'ring gay, from silver belts depend.
Now all at once they rise, at once descend,
With well-taught feet: now shape, in oblique ways,
Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:
Now forth at once, too swift for sight they spring,
And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring:
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle tost,
And, rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.
The gazing multitudes admire around:
Two active tumblers in the centre bound;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend:
And gen'ral songs the sprightly revel end.

Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd
With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round:
In living silver seem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

This done, whate'er a warrior's use requires,
He forg'd; the cuirass that outshines the fires,
The greaves of ductile tin, the helm imprest
With various sculpture, and the golden crest.
At Thetis' feet the finish'd labour lay:
She, as a falcon, cuts th' aërial way,
Swift from Olympus' snowy summit flies,
And bears the blazing present through the skies.

SELECT NOTES

TO

BOOK XVIII.

V. 6. *On hoisted yards.*] The epithet ορθοκραιραων in this place has a more than ordinary signification. It implies that the sail-yards were hoisted up, and Achilles's ships on the point to set sail. This shews that it was purely in compliance to his friend that he permitted him to succour the Greeks; he meant to leave them as soon as Patroclus returned; he still remembered what he told the ambassadors in the ninth book, v. 360 of the original: 'To-morrow you shall see my fleet set sail.' Accordingly this is the day appointed, and he is fixed to his resolution: this circumstance wonderfully strengthens his implacable character.

V. 15. ..... *Fulfill'd is that decree;*
Fall'n is the warrior, and Patroclus he!]

It may be objected, that Achilles seems to contradict what had been said in the foregoing book, that Thetis concealed from her son the death of Patroclus in her prediction. Whereas here he says, that she had foretold he should lose the bravest of the Thessalians. There is nothing in this but what is natural and common among mankind: and it is still more agreeable to the hasty and inconsiderate temper of Achilles, not to have made that reflection till it was too late. Prophecies are only marks of divine prescience, not warnings to prevent human misfortunes; for if they were, they must hinder their own accomplishment.

V. 137. *Let me—But oh! ye gracious pow'rs*, &c.] Achilles's words are these: 'Now since I am never to return home, and since I lie here an useless person, losing my best friend, and exposing the Greeks to so many dangers by my own folly; I who am superior to them all in battle.'—Here he breaks off, and says, 'May contention perish everlastingly,' &c. Achilles leaves the sentence thus suspended, either because in his heat he had forgot

what he was speaking of, or because he did not know how to end it; for he should have said,—'Since I have done all this, I will perish to revenge him.' Nothing can be finer than this sudden execration against discord and revenge, which breaks from the hero in the deep sense of the miseries those passions had occasioned.

Achilles could not be ignorant that he was superior to others in battle; and it was therefore no fault in him to say so. But he is so ingenuous as to give himself no farther commendation than what he undoubtedly merited; confessing at the same time, that many exceeded him in speaking: unless one may take this as said in contempt of oratory, not unlike that of Virgil,

'Orabunt caussas melius'—&c.

V. 171. ——This promise of Thetis to present her son with a suit of armour, was the most artful method of hindering him from putting immediately in practice his resolution of fighting, which according to his violent manners he must have done: therefore the interposition of Thetis here was absolutely necessary; it was 'dignus vindice nodus.'

V. 230. *Except the mighty Telamonian shield.*] Achilles seems not to have been of so large a stature as Ajax: yet his shield, it is likely, might be fit enough for him, because his great strength was sufficient to wield it. This passage, I think, might have been made use of by the defenders of the shield of Achilles against the critics, to shew that Homer intended the buckler of his hero for a very large one: and one would think he put it into this place, just a little before the description of that shield, on purpose to obviate that objection.

V. 287. *Let but Achilles o'er yon trench appear.*] There cannot be a greater instance, how constantly Homer carried his whole design in his head, as well as with what admirable art he raises one great idea upon another, to the highest sublime, than this passage of Achilles's appearance to the army, and the preparations by which we are led to it. In the thirteenth book, when the Trojans have the victory, they check their pursuit of it with the thought that Achilles sees them: in the sixteenth, they are

put into the utmost consternation at the sight of his armour and chariot: in the seventeenth, Menelaus and Ajax are in despair, on the consideration that Achilles cannot succour them for want of armour: in the present book, beyond all expectation, he does but shew himself unarmed, and the very sight of him gives the victory to Greece! How extremely noble is this gradation!

V. 250. *As the loud trumpet's*, &c.] I have already observed, that when the poet speaks as from himself, he may be allowed to take his comparisons from things which were not known before his time. Here he borrows the comparison from the trumpet, as he has elsewhere done from saddle-horses, though neither one nor the other were used in Greece at the time of the Trojan war. Virgil was less exact in this respect, for he describes the trumpet as used in the sacking of Troy:

'Exoritur clamorque virûm clangorque tubarum.'

And celebrates Misenus as the trumpeter of Æneas. But as Virgil wrote at a time more remote from those heroic ages, perhaps this liberty may be excused. But a poet had better confine himself to customs and manners, like a painter; and it is equally a fault in either of them to ascribe to times and nations any thing with which they were unacquainted.

One may add an observation to this note of M. Dacier, that the trumpet's not being in use at that time, makes very much for Homer's purpose in this place. The terror raised by the voice of this hero is much the more strongly imaged by a sound that was unusual, and capable of striking more from its very novelty.

V. 315. *If but the morrow's sun*, &c.] Polydamas says in the original, 'If Achilles comes to-morrow in his armour.' There seems to lie an objection against this passage, for Polydamas knew that Achilles's armour was won by Hector, he must also know that no other man's armour would fit him; how then could he know that new arms were made for him that very night? Those who are resolved to defend Homer, may answer, it was by his skill in prophecy; but to me this seems to be a slip of our author's memory, and one of those little nods which Horace speaks of.

V. 349. *If there be one,* &c.] This noble and generous proposal is worthy of Hector, and at the same time very artful to ingratiate himself with the soldiers. Eustathius farther observes that it is said with an eye to Polydamas, as accusing him of being rich, and of not opening the advice he had given, for any other reason than to preserve his great wealth; for riches commonly make men cowards, and the desire of saving them has often occasioned men to give advice very contrary to the public welfare.

V. 379. *In what vain promise.*] The lamentation of Achilles over the body of Patroclus is exquisitely touched: it is sorrow in extreme, but it is the sorrow of Achilles. It is nobly ushered in by that simile of the grief of the lion. An idea which is fully answered in the savage and bloody conclusion of this speech. One would think by the beginning of it, that Achilles did not know his fate till after his departure from Opuntium; and yet how does that agree with what is said of his choice of the short and active life, rather than the long and inglorious one? Or did not he flatter himself sometimes that his fate might be changed? This may be conjectured from several other passages, and is indeed the most natural solution.

V. 404. *Cleanse the pale corpse,* &c.] This custom of washing the dead, is continued among the Greeks to this day; and it is a pious duty, performed by the nearest friend or relation, to see it washed and anointed with a perfume, after which they cover it with linen exactly in the manner here related.

V. 440. *Full twenty tripods.*] Tripods were vessels supported on three feet, with handles on the sides; they were of several kinds, and for several uses; some were consecrated to sacrifices, some used as tables, some as seats, others hung up as ornaments on walls of houses or temples: these of Vulcan have an addition of wheels, which was not usual, which intimates them to be made with clock-work.

V. 459. *A footstool at her feet.*] It is at this day the usual honour paid among the Greeks, to visitors of superior quality, to set them higher than the rest of the company, and put a footstool under their feet. See note on v. 179, book xiv. This, with innumerable other customs, are still preserved in the eastern nations.

V. 488. ..... *two female forms,*
That mov'd and breath'd in animated gold.]

It is very probable that Homer took the idea of these from the statues of Dædalus, which might be extant in his time. The ancients tell us, they were made to imitate life, in rolling their eyes, and in all other motions. From whence indeed it should seem, that the excellency of Dædalus consisted in what we call clock-work, or the management of moving figures by springs, rather than in sculpture or imagery: and accordingly, the fable of his fitting wings to himself and his son, is formed entirely upon the foundation of the former.

V. 525. *Then slain by Phœbus (Hector had the name).*] It is a passage worth taking notice of, that Brutus is said to have consulted the Sortes Homericæ, and to have drawn one of these lines, wherein the death of Patroclus is ascribed to Apollo: after which, unthinkingly, he gave the name of that god for the word of battle. This is remarked as an unfortunate omen by some of the ancients, though I forget where I met with it.

V. 566. *Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.*] The critics make use of this passage to prove that Homer was ignorant of astronomy; since he believed that the Bear was the only constellation which never bathed itself in the ocean, that is to say, that did not set, and was always visible; for, say they, this is common to other constellations of the arctic circle, as the lesser Bear, the Dragon, the greatest part of Cephus, &c. But it will be a sufficient vindication of our author to say, that some other constellations, which are likewise perpetually above the horizon in the latitude where Homer writ, were not at that time discovered; and that whether Homer knew that the Bear's not setting was occasioned by the latitude, and that in a smaller latitude it would set, is of no consequence; for if he had known it, it was still more poetical not to take notice of it.

V. 567. *Two cities,* &c.] In one of these cities are represented all the advantages of peace: and it was impossible to have chosen two better emblems of peace, than marriages and justice. It is said this city was Athens, for marriages were first instituted there by Cecrops; and judgment upon murder was first founded there.

The ancient state of Attica seems represented in the neighbouring fields, where the ploughers and reapers are at work, and a king is overlooking them: for Triptolemus, who reigned there, was the first who sowed corn: this was the imagination of Agallias Cercyreus, as we find him cited by Eustathius.

V. 579. *The fine discharg'd.*] Murder was not always punished with death, or so much as banishment; but when some fine was paid, the criminal was suffered to remain in the city.

V. 590. *The prize of him who best adjudg'd the right.*] Eustathius informs us, that it was anciently the custom to have a reward given to that judge who pronounced the best sentence. M. Dacier opposes this authority, and will have it that this reward was given to the person who upon the decision of the suit appeared to have the justest cause. The difference between these two customs, in the reason of the thing, is very great: for the one must have been an encouragement to justice, the other a provocation to dissension. It were to be wanting in a due reverence to the wisdom of the ancients, and of Homer in particular, not to choose the former sense: and I have the honour to be confirmed in this opinion by the ablest judge, as well as the best practiser of equity, my lord Harcourt, at whose seat I translated this book.

V. 591. *Another part (a prospect diff'ring far)*, &c.] The same Agallias, cited above, would have this city in war to be meant of Eleusina, but upon very slight reasons. What is wonderful, is, that all the accidents and events of war are set before our eyes in this short compass. The several scenes are excellently disposed to represent the whole affair. Here is, in the space of thirty lines, a siege, a sally, an ambush, the surprise of a convoy, and a battle; with scarce a single circumstance proper to any of these, omitted.

V. 619. *Their tumult*, &c.] This is the first place in the whole description of the buckler, where Homer rises in his style, and uses the allegorical ornaments of poetry; so natural it was for his imagination (now heated with the fighting scenes of the Iliad) to take fire when the image of a battle was presented to it.

tions of rural life, in which Homer appears as great a master as in the great and terrible parts of poetry. One would think he did this on purpose to rival his contemporary Hesiod, on those very subjects to which his genius was particularly bent. Upon this occasion, I must take notice of that Greek poem, which is commonly ascribed to Hesiod, under the title of Ασπις Ἡρακλεους. Some of the ancients mention such a work as Hesiod's, but that amounts to no proof that this is the same: which indeed is not an express poem upon the shield of Hercules, but a fragment of the story of that hero. What regards the shield is a manifest copy from this of Achilles; and consequently is not of Hesiod. For if he was not more ancient, he was at least contemporary with Homer: and neither of them could be supposed to borrow so shamelessly from the other.

V. 645. *The rustic monarch of the field.*] Dacier takes this to be a piece of ground given to a hero in reward of his services. It was in no respect unworthy such a person, in those days, to see his harvest got in, and to overlook his reapers: it is very conformable to the manners of the ancient patriarchs, such as they are described to us in the holy Scriptures.

V. 662. *The fate of Linus.*] There are two interpretations of this verse in the original: that which I have chosen is confirmed by the testimony of Herodotus, lib. ii. and Pausanias, Bœoticis. Linus was the most ancient name in poetry, the first upon record who invented verse and measure amongst the Grecians: he passed for the son of Apollo or Mercury, and was preceptor to Hercules, Thamyris, and Orpheus. There was a solemn custom among the Greeks of bewailing annually the death of their first poet: Pausanias informs us, that before the yearly sacrifice to the muses on mount Helicon, the obsequies of Linus were performed, who had a statue and altar erected to him in that place. Homer alludes to that custom in this passage, and was doubtless fond of paying this respect to the old father of poetry.

V. 681. *A figur'd dance.*] There were two sorts of dances, the Pyrrhic, and the common dance: Homer has joined both in this description. We see the Pyrrhic, or military, is performed by the

youths who have swords on, the other by the virgins crowned with garlands.

Here the ancient scholiasts say, that whereas before it was the custom for men and women to dance separately, the contrary custom was afterwards brought in, by seven youths, and as many virgins, who were saved by Theseus from the labyrinth; and that this dance was taught them by Dædalus, to which Homer here alludes. See Dion. Halic. Hist. lib. vii. cap. 68.

It is worth observing that the Grecian dance is still performed in this manner in the oriental nations: the youths and maids dance in a ring, beginning slowly; by degrees the music plays a quicker time, till at last they dance with the utmost swiftness: and towards the conclusion, they sing (as it is said here) in a general chorus.

THE

NINETEENTH BOOK

OF THE

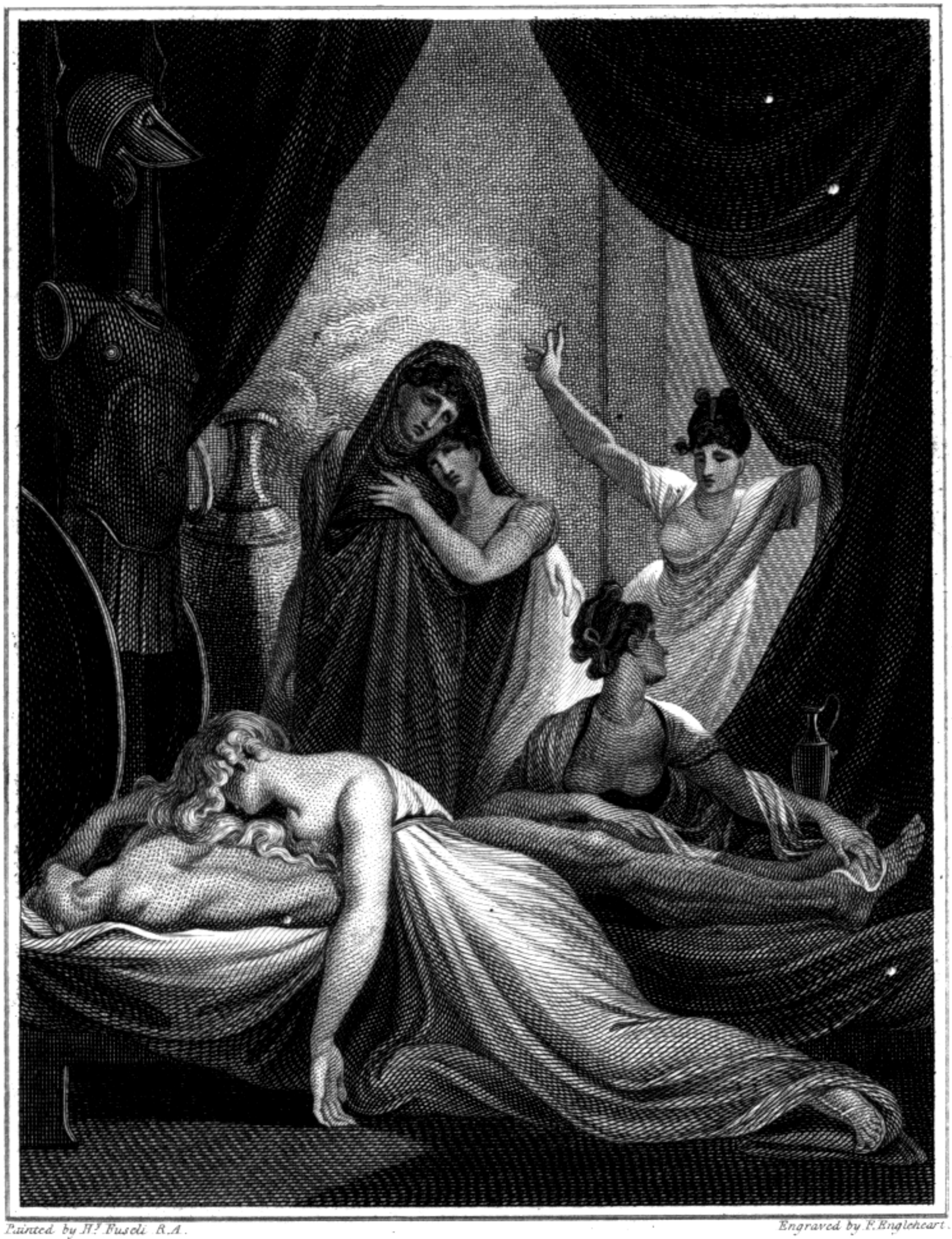
ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE RECONCILIATION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

THETIS brings to her son the armour made by Vulcan. She preserves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to assemble the army, to declare his resentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are solemnly reconciled: the speeches, presents, and ceremonies on that occasion. Achilles is with great difficulty persuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreshed themselves, by the advice of Ulysses. The presents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles; where Briseïs laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obstinately refuses all repast, and gives himself up to lamentations for his friend. Minerva descends to strengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight: his appearance described. He addresses himself to his horses, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculously endued with voice, and inspired to prophesy his fate; but the hero, not astonished by that prodigy, rushes with fury to the combat.

The thirtieth day. The scene is on the sea-shore.



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BOOK XIX.

Soon as Aurora heav'd her orient head
Above the waves that blush'd with early red,
(With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of heav'n with sacred light)
Th' immortal arms the goddess-mother bears
Swift to her son: her son she finds in tears
Stretch'd o'er Patroclus' corpse; while all the rest
The sov'reign's sorrows in their own exprest.
A ray divine her heav'nly presence shed,
And thus, his hand soft-touching, Thetis said:

Suppress, my son, this rage of grief, and know
It was not man, but heav'n that gave the blow;
Behold what arms by Vulcan are bestow'd,
Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a god.

Then drops the radiant burden on the ground;
Clang the strong arms, and ring the shores around:
Back shrink the Myrmidons with dread surprise,
And from the broad effulgence turn their eyes.
Unmov'd, the hero kindles at the show,
And feels with rage divine his bosom glow;

From his fierce eye-balls living flames expire,
And flash incessant like a stream of fire:
He turns the radiant gift; and feeds his mind
On all th' immortal artist had design'd.

Goddess (he cried) these glorious arms, that shine
With matchless art, confess the hand divine.
Now to the bloody battle let me bend:
But ah! the relics of my slaughter'd friend!
In those wide wounds thro' which his spirit fled,
Shall flies, and worms obscene, pollute the dead?

That unavailing care be laid aside,
(The azure goddess to her son replied)
Whole years untouch'd, uninjur'd shall remain,
Fresh as in life, the carcase of the slain.
But go, Achilles (as affairs require)
Before the Grecian peers renounce thine ire:
Then uncontroll'd in boundless war engage,
And heav'n with strength supply the mighty rage!

Then in the nostrils of the slain she pour'd
Nectareous drops, and rich ambrosia show'r'd
O'er all the corpse. The flies forbid their prey,
Untouch'd it rests, and sacred from decay.
Achilles to the strand obedient went:
The shores resounded with the voice he sent.

The heroes heard, and all the naval train
That tend the ships, or guide them o'er the main,
Alarm'd, transported, at the well-known sound,
Frequent and full, the great assembly crown'd;
Studious to see that terror of the plain,
Long lost to battle, shine in arms again.
Tydides and Ulysses first appear,
Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the spear;
These on the sacred seats of council plac'd,
The king of men, Atrides, came the last:
He too sore wounded by Agenor's son.
Achilles (rising in the midst) begun:

O monarch! better far had been the fate
Of thee, of me, of all the Grecian state,
If (ere the day when by mad passion sway'd,
Rash we contended for the black-ey'd maid)
Preventing Dian had dispatch'd her dart,
And shot the shining mischief to the heart!
Then many a hero had not press'd the shore,
Nor Troy's glad fields been fatten'd with our gore:
Long, long shall Greece the woes we caus'd bewail,
And sad posterity repeat the tale.

Why should, alas, a mortal man, as I,
Burn with a fury that can never die?
Here then my anger ends: let war succeed,
And e'en as Greece has bled, let Ilion bleed.
Now call the hosts, and try if in our sight
Troy yet shall dare to camp a second night?
I deem, their mightiest, when this arm he knows,
Shall 'scape with transport, and with joy repose.

He said: his finish'd wrath with loud acclaim
The Greeks accept, and shout Pelides' name.
When thus, not rising from his lofty throne,
In state unmov'd, the king of men begun.

Hear me, ye sons of Greece! with silence hear!
And grant your monarch an impartial ear;
Awhile your loud, untimely, joy suspend,
And let your rash, injurious clamours end:
Unruly murmurs, or ill-tim'd applause,
Wrong the best speaker, and the justest cause.
Nor charge on me, ye Greeks, the dire debate:
Know, angry Jove, and all-compelling fate,
With fell Erinnys, urg'd my wrath that day
When from Achilles' arms I forc'd the prey.
What then could I against the will of heav'n?
Not by myself, but vengeful Ate driv'n;

She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infest
The race of mortals, enter'd in my breast.
Not on the ground that haughty fury treads,
But prints her lofty footsteps on the heads
Of mighty men; inflicting as she goes
Long fest'ring wounds, inextricable woes!
Of old, she stalk'd amid the bright abodes;
And Jove himself, the sire of men and gods,
The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart;
Deceiv'd by Juno's wiles, and female art:
For when Alcmena's nine long months were run,
And Jove expected his immortal son,
To gods and goddesses th' unruly joy
He show'd, and vaunted of his matchless boy:
From us (he said) this day an infant springs,
Fated to rule, and born a king of kings.
Saturnia ask'd an oath, to vouch the truth,
And fix dominion on the favour'd youth.
The thund'rer, unsuspicious of the fraud,
Pronounc'd those solemn words that bind a god.
The joyful goddess, from Olympus' height,
Swift to Achaian Argos bent her flight:
Scarce sev'n moons gone, lay Sthenelus's wife;
She push'd her ling'ring infant into life:

Her charms Alcmena's coming labours stay,
And stop the babe, just issuing to the day.
Then bids Saturnius bear his oath in mind;
'A youth (said she) of Jove's immortal kind
Is this day born: from Sthenelus he springs,
And claims thy promise to be king of kings.'
Grief seiz'd the thund'rer, by his oath engag'd;
Stung to the soul, he sorrow'd, and he rag'd.
From his ambrosial head, where perch'd she sat,
He snatch'd the fury-goddess of debate,
The dread, th' irrevocable oath he swore,
Th' immortal seats should ne'er behold her more;
And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driv'n
From bright Olympus and the starry heav'n:
Thence on the nether world the fury fell;
Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell.
Full oft the god his son's hard toils bemoan'd,
Curs'd the dire fury, and in secret groan'd.
E'en thus, like Jove himself, was I misled,
While raging Hector heap'd our camps with dead.
What can the errors of my rage atone?
My martial troops, my treasures are thy own:
This instant from the navy shall be sent
Whate'er Ulysses promis'd at thy tent:

But thou! appeas'd, propitious to our pray'r,
Resume thy arms, and shine again in war.
O king of nations! whose superior sway
(Returns Achilles) all our hosts obey!
To keep or send the presents, be thy care;
To us, 'tis equal: all we ask is war.
While yet we talk, or but an instant shun
The fight, our glorious work remains undone.
Let ev'ry Greek, who sees my spear confound
The Trojan ranks, and deal destruction round,
With emulation, what I act, survey,
And learn from thence the bus'ness of the day.
The son of Peleus thus; and thus replies
The great in councils, Ithacus the wise:
Though, godlike, thou art by no toils opprest,
At least our armies claim repast and rest:
Long and laborious must the combat be,
When by the gods inspir'd, and led by thee.
Strength is deriv'd from spirits and from blood,
And those augment by gen'rous wine and food:
What boastful son of war, without that stay,
Can last a hero through a single day?
Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his strength,
Mere unsupported man must yield at length;

Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declin'd,
The drooping body will desert the mind:
But built anew with strength-conferring fare,
With limbs and soul untam'd, he tires a war.
Dismiss the people then, and give command,
With strong repast to hearten ev'ry band;'
But let the presents to Achilles made,
In full assembly of all Greece be laid.
The king of men shall rise in public sight,
And solemn swear (observant of the rite)
That, spotless as she came, the maid removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
That done, a sumptuous banquet shall be made,
And the full price of injur'd honour paid.
Stretch not henceforth, O prince! thy sov'reign might
Beyond the bounds of reason and of right;
'Tis the chief praise that e'er to kings belong'd,
To right with justice whom with pow'r they wrong'd.
To him the monarch: Just is thy decree,
Thy words give joy, and wisdom breathes in thee.
Each due atonement gladly I prepare;
And heav'n regard me as I justly swear!
Here then awhile let Greece assembled stay,
Nor great Achilles grudge this short delay,

Till from the fleet our presents be convey'd,
And, Jove attesting, the firm compact made.
A train of noble youth the charge shall bear;
These to select, Ulysses, be thy care:
In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,
And the fair train of captives close the rear:
Talthybius shall the victim boar convey,
Sacred to Jove, and yon bright orb of day.
For this (the stern Æacides replies)
Some less important season may suffice,
When the stern fury of the war is o'er,
And wrath extinquish'd burns my breast no more.
By Hector slain, their faces to the sky,
All grim with gaping wounds, our heroes lie:
Those call to war! and might my voice incite,
Now, now, this instant, should commence the fight:
Then, when the day's complete, let gen'rous bowls,
And copious banquets, glad your weary souls.
Let not my palate know the taste of food
Till my insatiate rage be cloy'd with blood:
Pale lies my friend, with wounds disfigur'd o'er,
And his cold feet are pointed to the door.
Revenge is all my soul! no meaner care,
Int'rest, or thought, has room to harbour there;

Destruction be my feast, and mortal wounds,
And scenes of blood, and agonizing sounds.
O first of Greeks (Ulysses thus rejoin'd),
The best and bravest of the warrior-kind!
Thy praise it is in dreadful camps to shine,
But old experience and calm wisdom, mine.
Then hear my counsel, and to reason yield,
The bravest soon are satiate of the field;
Tho' vast the heaps that strow the crimson plain,
The bloody harvest brings but little gain:
The scale of conquest ever wav'ring lies,
Great Jove but turns it, and the victor dies!
The great, the bold, by thousands daily fall,
And endless were the grief, to weep for all.
Eternal sorrows what avails to shed?
Greece honours not with solemn fasts the dead:
Enough, when death demands the brave, to pay
The tribute of a melancholy day.
One chief with patience to the grave resign'd,
Our care devolves on others left behind.
Let gen'rous food supplies of strength produce,
Let rising spirits flow from sprightly juice,
Let their warm heads with scenes of battle glow,
And pour new furies on the feebler foe.

Yet a short interval, and none shall dare
Expect a second summons to the war;
Who waits for that, the dire effect shall find,
If trembling in the ships he lags behind.
Embodied, to the battle let us bend,
And all at once on haughty Troy descend.

And now the delegates Ulysses sent,
To bear the presents from the royal tent:
The sons of Nestor, Phyleus' valiant heir,
Thias and Merion, thunderbolts of war,
With Lycomedes of Creiontian strain,
And Melanippus, form'd the chosen train.
Swift as the word was giv'n, the youths obey'd;
Twice ten bright vases in the midst they laid;
A row of six fair tripods then succeeds;
And twice the number of high-bounding steeds;
Sev'n captives next a lovely line compose;
The eighth Briseïs, like the blooming rose,
Clos'd the bright band: great Ithacus, before,
First of the train, the golden talents bore;
The rest in public view the chiefs dispose,
A splendid scene! then Agamemnon rose:
The boar Talthybius held: the Grecian lord
Drew the broad cutlass sheath'd beside his sword:

The stubborn bristles from the victim's brow
He crops, and off'ring meditates his vow.
His hands uplifted to th' attesting skies,
On heav'n's broad marble roof were fix'd his eyes.
The solemn words a deep attention draw,
And Greece around sat thrill'd with sacred awe.

Witness thou first! thou greatest pow'r above!
All-good, all-wise, and all-surveying Jove!
And mother-earth, and heav'n's revolving light,
And ye, fell furies of the realms of night,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjur'd kings, and all who falsely swear!
The black-ey'd maid inviolate removes,
Pure and unconscious of my manly loves.
If this be false, heav'n all its vengeance shed,
And levell'd thunder strike my guilty head!

With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound;
The bleeding savage tumbles to the ground;
The sacred herald rolls the victim slain
(A feast for fish) into the foaming main.

Then thus Achilles: Hear, ye Greeks! and know
Whate'er we feel, 'tis Jove inflicts the woe:
Not else Atrides could our rage inflame,
Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame.

'Twas Jove's high will alone, o'er-ruling all,
That doom'd our strife, and doom'd the Greeks to fall.
Go then, ye chiefs! indulge the genial rite;
Achilles waits ye, and expects the fight.
The speedy council at his word adjourn'd:
To their black vessels all the Greeks return'd.
Achilles sought his tent. His train before
March'd onward, bending with the gifts they bore.
Those in the tents the squires industrious spread:
The foaming coursers to the stalls they led;
To their new seats the female captives move:
Briseïs, radiant as the queen of love,
Slow as she pass'd, beheld with sad survey
Where, gash'd with cruel wounds, Patroclus lay.
Prone on the body fell the heav'nly fair,
Beat her sad breast, and tore her golden hair;
All beautiful in grief, her humid eyes
Shining with tears she lifts, and thus she cries:
Ah youth for ever dear, for ever kind,
Once tender friend of my distracted mind!
I left thee fresh in life, in beauty gay;
Now find thee cold, inanimated clay!
What woes my wretched race of life attend!
Sorrows on sorrows, never doom'd to end!

The first lov'd consort of my virgin bed
Before these eyes in fatal battle bled:
My three brave brothers in one mournful day
All trod the dark, irremeable way:
Thy friendly hand uprear'd me from the plain,
And dried my sorrows for a husband slain;
Achilles' care you promis'd I should prove,
The first, the dearest partner of his love;
That rites divine should ratify the band,
And make me empress in his native land.
Accept these grateful tears! for thee they flow,
For thee, that ever felt another's woe!
    Her sister captives echo'd groan for groan,
Nor mourn'd Patroclus' fortunes, but their own.
The leaders press'd the chief on ev'ry side;
Unmov'd, he heard them, and with sighs denied.
    If yet Achilles have a friend, whose care
Is bent to please him, this request forbear:
Till yonder sun descend, ah let me pay
To grief and anguish one abstemious day.
    He spoke, and from the warriors turn'd his face:
Yet still the brother-kings of Atreus' race,
Nestor, Idomeneus, Ulysses sage,
And Phœnix, strive to calm his grief and rage:

His rage they calm not, nor his grief controul;
He groans, he raves, he sorrows from his soul.
Thou too, Patroclus! (thus his heart he vents)
Once spread th' inviting banquet in our tents:
Thy sweet society, thy winning care,
Once staid Achilles, rushing to the war.
But now, alas! to death's cold arms resign'd,
What banquet but revenge can glad my mind?
What greater sorrow could afflict my breast,
What more, if hoary Peleus were deceas'd?
Who now, perhaps, in Phthia dreads to hear
His son's sad fate, and drops a tender tear.
What more, should Neoptolemus the brave
(My only offspring) sink into the grave?
If yet that offspring lives (I distant far,
Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war).
I could not this, this cruel stroke attend;
Fate claim'd Achilles, but might spare his friend.
I hop'd Patroclus might survive, to rear
My tender orphan with a parent's care,
From Scyros' isle conduct him o'er the main,
And glad his eyes with his paternal reign,
The lofty palace, and the large domain.
For Peleus breathes no more the vital air;
Or drags a wretched life of age and care,

But till the news of my sad fate invades
His hast'ning soul, and sinks him to the shades.
Sighing he said: his grief the heroes joind,
Each stole a tear for what he left behind.
Their mingled grief the sire of heav'n survey'd,
And thus, with pity, to his blue-ey'd maid:
Is then Achilles now no more thy care,
And dost thou thus desert the great in war?
Lo, where yon sails their canvas-wings extend,
All comfortless he sits, and wails his friend:
Ere thirst and want his forces have opprest,
Haste and infuse ambrosia in his breast.
He spoke; and sudden, at the word of Jove,
Shot the descending goddess from above.
So swift through ether the shrill harpy springs,
The wide air floating to her ample wings.
To great Achilles she her flight addrest,
And pour'd divine ambrosia in his breast,
With nectar sweet (refection of the gods!),
Then, swift ascending, sought the bright abodes.
Now issu'd from the ships the warrior-train,
And like a deluge pour'd upon the plain.
As when the piercing blasts of Boreas blow,
And scatter o'er the fields the driving snow;

From dusky clouds the fleecy winter flies,
Whose dazzling lustre whitens all the skies:
So helms succeeding helms, so shields from shields,
Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields;
Broad glitt'ring breastplates, spears with pointed rays,
Mix in one stream, reflecting blaze on blaze:
Thick beats the centre as the coursers bound;
With splendour flame the skies, and laugh the fields around.

Full in the midst, high-tow'ring o'er the rest,
His limbs in arms divine Achilles drest;
Arms which the father of the fire bestow'd,
Forg'd on th' eternal anvils of the god.
Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire,
His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire;
He grinds his teeth, and furious with delay
O'erlooks th' embattled host, and hopes the bloody day.

The silver cuishes first his thighs infold:
Then o'er his breast was brac'd the hollow gold:
The brazen sword a various baldric tied,
That, starr'd with gems, hung glitt'ring at his side;
And, like the moon, the broad refulgent shield
Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.

So to night-wand'ring sailors, pale with fears,
Wide o'er the wat'ry waste, a light appears,
Which on the far-seen mountain blazing high,
Streams from some lonely watch-tow'r to the sky:
With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again;
Loud howls the storm, and drives them o'er the main.

Next, his high head the helmet grac'd; behind
The sweepy crest hung floating in the wind:
Like the red star, that from his flaming hair
Shakes down diseases, pestilence, and war,
So stream'd the golden honours from his head,
Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose glories shed.

The chief beholds himself with wond'ring eyes;
His arms he poises, and his motions tries;
Buoy'd by some inward force, he seems to swim,
And feels a pinion lifting ev'ry limb.

And now he shakes his great paternal spear,
Pond'rous and huge! which not a Greek could rear.
From Pelion's cloudy top an ash entire
Old Chiron fell'd, and shap'd it for his sire;
A spear which stern Achilles only wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.

Automedon and Alcimus prepare
Th' immortal coursers, and the radiant car,
(The silver traces sweeping at their side)
Their fiery mouths resplendent bridles tied,
The iv'ry-studded reins, return'd behind,
Ware'd o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.
The charioteer then whirl'd the lash around,
And swift ascended at one active bound.
All bright in heav'nly arms, above his squire
Achilles mounts, and sets the field on fire;
Not brighter Phœbus in th' ethereal way
Flames from his chariot, and restores the day.
High o'er the host, all terrible he stands,
And thunders to his steeds these dread commands.
Xanthus and Balius! of Podarges' strain,
(Unless ye boast that heav'nly race in vain)
Be swift, be mindful of the load ye bear,
And learn to make your master more your care:
Thro' falling squadrons bear my slaught'ring sword,
Nor, as ye left Patroclus, leave your lord.
The gen'rous Xanthus, as the words he said,
Seem'd sensible of woe, and droop'd his head:
Trembling he stood before the golden wain,
And bow'd to dust the honours of his mane,

When, strange to tell! (so Juno will'd) he broke
Eternal silence, and portentous spoke.
Achilles! yes! this day at least we bear
Thy rage in safety through the files of war:
But come it will, the fatal time must come,
Nor ours the fault, but God decrees thy doom:
Not through our crime, or slowness in the course,
Fell thy Patroclus, but by heav'nly force;
The bright far-shooting god who gilds the day
(Confess'd we saw him) tore his arms away.
No—could our swiftness o'er the winds prevail,
Or beat the pinions of the western gale,
All were in vain—the fates thy death demand,
Due to a mortal and immortal hand.

Then ceas'd for ever, by the furies ty'd,
His fateful voice. Th' intrepid chief reply'd
With unabated rage—So let it be!
Portents and prodigies are lost on me.
I know my fates: to die, to see no more
My much-lov'd parents, and my native shore—
Enough—when heav'n ordains, I sink in night;
Now perish Troy! He said, and rush'd to fight.

SELECT NOTES

TO

BOOK XIX.

V. 30. *Shall flies, and worms obscene, pollute the dead?*] The care which Achilles takes in this place to drive away the flies from the dead body of Patroclus, seems to us a mean employment, and a care unworthy of a hero. But that office was regarded by Homer, and by all the Greeks of his time, as a pious duty consecrated by custom and religion; which obliged the kindred and friends of the deceased to watch his corpse, and prevent any corruption before the solemn day of his funerals.

V. 93. *She, Jove's dread daughter.*] This speech of Agamemnon, consisting of little else than the long story of Jupiter's casting Discord out of heaven, seems odd enough at first sight; and does not indeed answer what I believe every reader expects, at the conference of these two princes. Without excusing it from the justness and proper application of the allegory in the present case, I think it a piece of artifice very agreeable to the character of Agamemnon, which is a mixture of haughtiness and cunning; he cannot prevail with himself any way to lessen the dignity of the royal character, of which he every where appears jealous: something he is obliged to say in public; and not brooking directly to own himself in the wrong, he slurs it over with this tale. With what stateliness is it that he yields? 'I was misled (says he), but I was misled like Jupiter. We invest you with our powers, take our troops and our treasures: our royal promise shall be fulfilled, but be you pacified.'

V. 93. *She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infest*
The race of mortals——]

It appears from hence, that the ancients owned a demon, created by God himself, and totally taken up in doing mischief.

This fiction is very remarkable, in as much as it proves that the Pagans knew that a demon of discord and malediction was in

heaven, and afterwards precipitated to earth, which perfectly agrees with holy history.

V. 159. *Strength is deriv'd from spirits*, &c.] This advice of Ulysses, that the troops should refresh themselves with eating and drinking, was extremely necessary after a battle of so long continuance as that of the day before: and Achilles's desire that they should charge the enemy immediately, without any reflection on the necessity of that refreshment, was also highly natural to his violent character. This forces Ulysses to repeat that advice, and insist upon it so much: which those critics did not see into, who through a false delicacy are shocked at his insisting so warmly upon eating and drinking. Indeed to a common reader who is more fond of heroic and romantic, than of just and natural images, this at first sight may have an air of ridicule; but I will venture to say there is nothing ridiculous in the thing itself, nor mean and low in Homer's manner of expressing it: and I believe the same of this translation, though I have not softened or abated of the idea they are so offended with.

V. 209. *Pale lies my friend*, &c.] It is in the Greek, 'Lies extended in my tent with his face turning towards the door,' ανα προθυρον τεθαμμενος, that is to say, as the scholiast has explained it, 'Having his feet turned towards the door.' For it was thus the Greeks placed their dead in the porches of their houses, as likewise in Italy.

'In portam rigidos calces extendit.' PERSIUS.

'——Recepitque ad limina gressum,
Corpus ubi exanimi positum Pallantis Acœtes
Servabat senior'——

Thus we are told by Suetonius, of the body of Augustus: 'Equester ordo suscepit, urbique intulit, atque in vestibulo domûs collocavit.'

V. 221. *Though vast the heaps*, &c.] Ulysses's expression in the original is very remarkable; he calls καλαμην, 'straw or chaff,' such as are killed in the battle; and he calls αμιλον, 'the crop,' such as make their escape. This is very

the language of holy Scripture, wherein those who perish are called chaff, and those who are saved are called corn. DACIER.

V. 279. *Rolls the victim into the main.*] For it was not lawful to eat the flesh of the victims that were sacrificed in confirmation of oaths; such were victims of malediction. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 315. *Achilles' care you promis'd*, &c.] In these days, when our manners are so different from those of the ancients, and we see none of those dismal catastrophes which laid whole kingdoms waste, and subjected princesses and queens to the power of the conqueror, it will perhaps seem astonishing that a princess of Briseïs's birth, the very day that her father, brother, and husband were killed by Achilles, should suffer herself to be comforted, and even flattered with the hopes of becoming the spouse of the murderer. But such were the manners of those times, as ancient history testifies: and a poet represents them as they were; but if there was a necessity for justifying them, it might be said that slavery was at that time so terrible, that in truth a princess like Briseïs was pardonable to choose rather to become Achilles's wife than his slave. DACIER.

V. 322. *Nor mourn'd Patroclus' fortunes, but their own.*] Homer adds this touch to heighten the character of Briseïs, and to shew the difference there was between her and the other captives. Briseïs, as a well-born princess, really bewailed Patroclus out of gratitude; but the others, by pretending to bewail him, wept only out of interest. DACIER.

V. 384. *So helms succeeding helms, so shields from shields*
Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields.]

It is probable the reader may think the words, shining, splendid, and others derived from the lustre of arms, too frequent in these books. My author is to answer for it; but it may be alledged in his excuse, that when it was the custom for every soldier to serve in armour, and when those arms were of brass, before the use of iron became common, these images of lustre were less avoidable, and more necessarily frequent in descriptions of this nature.

V. 390. *Achilles arming himself*, &c.] There is a wonderful pomp in this description of Achilles's arming himself; every

reader, without being pointed to it, will see the extreme grandeur of all these images; but what is particular, is, in what a noble scale they rise one above another, and how the hero is set still in a stronger point of light than before, till he is at last in a manner covered over with glories: he is at first likened to the moonlight, then to the flames of a beacon, then to a comet, and lastly to the sun itself.

V. 450. *When, strange to tell! (so Juno will'd) he broke*
Eternal silence, and portentous spoke.]

It is remarked, in excuse of this extravagant fiction of a horse speaking, that Homer was authorised herein by fable, tradition, and history. Livy makes mention of two oxen that spoke on different occasions, and recites the speech of one, which was, 'Roma cave tibi.' Pliny tells us these animals were particularly gifted this way, l. viii. c. 45. 'Est frequens in prodigiis priscorum, bovem locutum.' Besides, Homer had prepared us for expecting something miraculous from these horses of Achilles, by representing them to be immortal. We have seen them already sensible, and weeping at the death of Patroclus: and we must add to all this, that a goddess is concerned in working this wonder; it is Juno that does it.

Spondanus and Dacier fail not to bring up Balaam's ass on this occasion. But methinks the commentators are at too much pains to discharge the poet from the imputation of extravagant fiction, by accounting for wonders of this kind. I am afraid, that next to the extravagance of inventing them, is that of endeavouring to reconcile such fictions to probability. Would not one general answer do better, to say once for all, that the above-cited authors lived in the age of wonders? The taste of the world has been generally turned to the miraculous; wonders were what the people would have, and what not only the poets, but the priests, gave them.

THE

TWENTIETH BOOK

OF THE

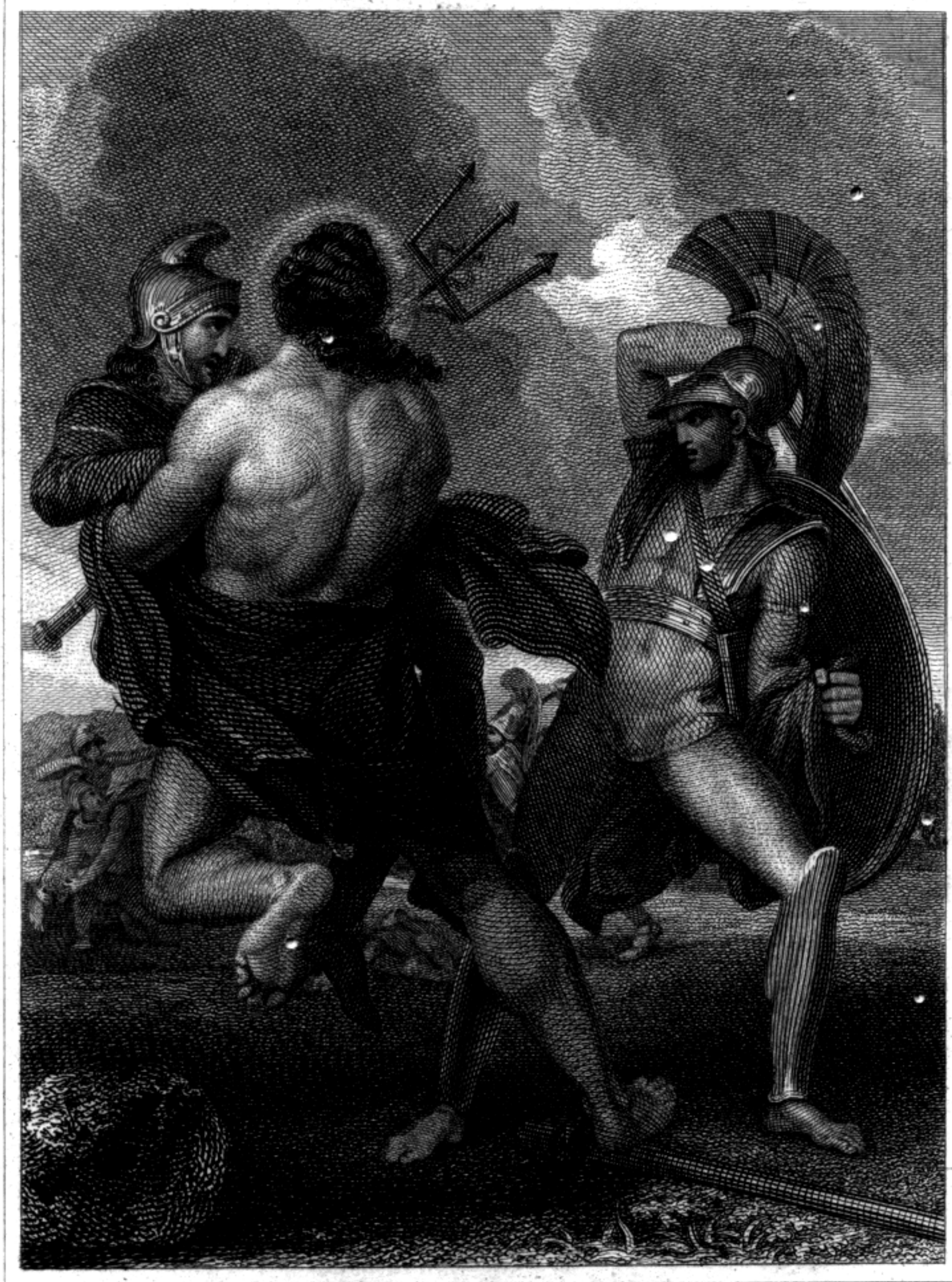
ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE BATTLE OF THE GODS, AND THE ACTS OF ACHILLES.

JUPITER, upon Achilles's return to the battle, calls a council of the gods, and permits them to assist either party. The terrors of the combat described, when the deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long conversation, these two heroes encounter; but Æneas is preserved by the assistance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the rest of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans with a great slaughter.

The same day continues. The scene is in the field before Troy.



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THE PROPERTY OF THE
HOME DEPT
OF THE GOVERNMENT

BOOK XX.

Thus round Pelides breathing war and blood,
Greece sheath'd in arms, beside her vessels stood;
While near impending from a neighb'ring height,
Troy's black battalions wait the shock of fight.
Then Jove to Themis gives command, to call
The gods to council in the starry hall:
Swift, o'er Olympus' hundred hills she flies,
And summons all the senate of the skies.
These shining on, in long procession come
To Jove's eternal adamantine dome.
Not one was absent, not a rural pow'r
That haunts the verdant gloom, or rosy bow'r,
Each fair-hair'd dryad of the shady wood,
Each azure sister of the silver flood;
All but old Ocean, hoary sire! who keeps
His ancient seat beneath the sacred deeps.
On marble thrones, with lucid columns crown'd,
(The work of Vulcan) sat the pow'rs around.
E'en he whose trident sways the wat'ry reign,
Heard the loud summons, and forsook the main,

Assum'd his throne amid the bright abodes,
And question'd thus the sire of men and gods:
What moves the god who heav'n and earth commands,
And grasps the thunder in his awful hands,
Thus to convene the whole ethereal state?
Is Greece and Troy the subject in debate?
Already met, the low'ring hosts appear,
And death stands ardent on the edge of war.
'Tis true (the cloud-compelling pow'r replies)
This day, we call the council of the skies
In care of human race; e'en Jove's own eye
Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.
Far on Olympus' top in secret state
Ourself will sit, and see the hand of fate
Work out our will. Celestial pow'rs! descend,
And as your minds direct, your succour lend
To either host. Troy soon must lie o'erthrown,
If uncontroll'd Achilles fights alone:
Their troops but lately durst not meet his eyes;
What can they now, if in his rage he rise?
Assist them, gods! or Ilion's sacred wall
May fall this day, though fate forbids the fall.
He said, and fir'd their heav'nly breasts with rage:
On adverse parts the warring gods engage.

Heav'n's awful queen; and he whose azure round
Girds the vast globe; the maid in arms renown'd;
Hermes, of profitable arts the sire;
And Vulcan, the black sov'reign of the fire:
These to the fleet repair with instant flight;
The vessels tremble as the gods alight.
In aid of Troy, Latona, Phœbus came,
Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving dame,
Xanthus whose streams in golden currents flow,
And the chaste huntress of the silver bow.
Ere yet the gods their various aid employ,
Each Argive bosom swell'd with manly joy,
While great Achilles (terror of the plain),
Long lost to battle, shone in arms again.
Dreadful he stood in front of all his host;
Pale Troy beheld, and seem'd already lost;
Her bravest heroes pant with inward fear,
And trembling see another god of war.

But when the pow'rs descending swell'd the fight
Then tumult rose: fierce rage and pale affright
Varied each face; then Discord sounds alarms,
Earth echoes, and the nations rush to arms.
Now through the trembling shores Minerva calls,
And now she thunders from the Grecian walls.

Mars hov'ring o'er his Troy, his terror shrowds
In gloomy tempests, and a night of clouds:
Now through each Trojan heart he fury pours
With voice divine, from Ilion's topmost tow'rs;
Now shouts to Simois, from her beauteous hill;
The mountain shook, the rapid stream stood still.
Above, the sire of gods his thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.
Beneath, stern Neptune shakes the solid ground;
The forests wave, the mountains nod around;
Through all their summits tremble Ida's woods,
And from their sources boil her hundred floods.
Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain;
And the toss'd navies beat the heaving main.
Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,
Th' infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head,
Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arm should lay
His dark dominions open to the day,
And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful e'en to gods.
Such war th' immortals wage; such horrors rend
The world's vast concave, when the gods contend.
First silver-shafted Phœbus took the plain
Against blue Neptune, monarch of the main.

The god of arms his giant bulk display'd,
Oppos'd to Pallas, war's triumphant maid.
Against Latona march'd the son of May.
The quiver'd Dian, sister of the day,
(Her golden arrows sounding at her side)
Saturnia, majesty of heav'n, defy'd.
With fiery Vulcan last in battle stands
The sacred flood that rolls on golden sands;
Xanthus his name with those of heav'nly birth,
But call'd Scamander by the sons of earth.

While thus the gods in various league engage,
Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage:
Hector he sought; in search of Hector turn'd
His eyes around, for Hector only burn'd;
And burst like lightning thro' the ranks, and vow'd
To glut the god of battles with his blood.

Æneas was the first who dar'd to stay;
Apollo wedg'd him in the warrior's way,
But swell'd his bosom with undaunted might,
Half-forc'd, and half-persuaded to the fight.
Like young Lycaon, of the royal line,
In voice and aspect, seem'd the pow'r divine;
And bade the chief reflect, how late with scorn
In distant threats he brav'd the goddess-born.

Then thus the hero of Anchises' strain:
To meet Pelides you persuade in vain:
Already have I met, nor void of fear
Observ'd the fury of his flying spear;
From Ida's woods he chas'd us to the field,
Our force he scatter'd, and our herds he kill'd;
Lyrnessus, Pedasus in ashes lay;
But (Jove assisting) I surviv'd the day:
Else had I sunk oppress'd in fatal fight
By fierce Achilles and Minerva's might.
Where'er he mov'd, the goddess shone before,
And bath'd his brazen lance in hostile gore.
What mortal man Achilles can sustain?
Th' immortals guard him thro' the dreadful plain,
And suffer not his dart to fall in vain.
Were God my aid, this arm should check his pow'r,
Though strong in battle as a brazen tow'r.
To whom the son of Jove: That god implore,
And be what great Achilles was before.
From heav'nly Venus thou deriv'st thy strain,
And he but from a sister of the main;
An aged sea-god, father of his line,
But Jove himself the sacred source of thine.
Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow;
Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe.

This said, and spirit breath'd into his breast,
Thro' the thick troops th' embolden'd hero prest;
His vent'rous act the white-arm'd queen survey'd,
And thus, assembling all the pow'rs, she said:
Behold an action, gods! that claims your care,
Lo great Æneas rushing to the war!
Against Pelides he directs his course,
Phœbus impels, and Phœbus gives him force.
Restrain his bold career; at least, t' attend
Our favour'd hero, let some pow'r descend.
To guard his life, and add to his renown,
We, the great armament of heav'n, came down.
Hereafter let him fall, as fates design,
That spun so short his life's illustrious line:
But lest some adverse god now cross his way,
Give him to know what pow'rs assist this day:
For how shall mortal stand the dire alarms,
When heav'n's refulgent host appear in arms?
Thus she; and thus the god whose force can make
The solid globe's eternal basis shake:
Against the might of man, so feeble known,
Why should celestial pow'rs exert their own?
Suffice from yonder mount to view the scene,
And leave to war the fates of mortal men.

But if th' armipotent, or god of light,
Obstruct Achilles, or commence the fight,
Thence on the gods of Troy we swift descend:
Full soon, I doubt not, shall the conflict end,
And these, in ruin and confusion hurl'd,
Yield to our conqu'ring arms the lower world.

Thus having said, the tyrant of the sea,
Cærulean Neptune, rose, and led the way.
Advanc'd upon the field there stood a mound
Of earth congested, wall'd, and trench'd around;
In elder times to guard Alcides made,
(The work of Trojans, with Minerva's aid)
What-time a vengeful monster of the main
Swept the wide shore, and drove him to the plain.

Here Neptune, and the gods of Greece repair,
With clouds encompass'd, and a veil of air:
The adverse pow'rs, around Apollo laid,
Crown the fair hills that silver Simois shade.
In circle close each heav'nly party sat,
Intent to form the future scheme of fate;
But mix not yet in fight, though Jove on high
Gives the loud signal, and the heav'ns reply.

Meanwhile the rushing armies hide the ground;
The trampled centre yields a hollow sound:

Steeds cas'd in mail, and chiefs in armour bright,
The gleamy champaign glows with brazen light.
Amid both hosts (a dreadful space) appear,
There great Achilles; bold Æneas, here.
With tow'ring strides Æneas first advanc'd;
The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd,
Spread o'er his breast the fencing shield he bore,
And, as he mov'd, his jav'lin flam'd before.
Not so Pelides; furious to engage,
He rush'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,
Who viewing first his foes with scornful eyes,
Though all in arms the peopled city rise,
Stalks careless on, with unregarding pride;
Till at the length, by some brave youth defied,
To his bold spear the savage turns alone,
He murmurs fury with an hollow groan;
He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around;
Lash'd by his tail his heaving sides resound;
He calls up all his rage; he grinds his teeth,
Resolv'd on vengeance, or resolv'd on death.
So fierce Achilles on Æneas flies;
So stands Æneas, and his force defies.
Ere yet the stern encounter join'd, begun
The seed of Thetis thus to Venus' son.

Why comes Æneas through the ranks so far?
Seeks he to meet Achilles' arm in war,
In hope the realms of Priam to enjoy,
And prove his merits to the throne of Troy?
Grant that beneath thy lance Achilles dies,
The partial monarch may refuse the prize;
Sons he has many; those thy pride may quell;
And 'tis his fault to love those sons too well.
Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,
Has Troy propos'd some spacious tract of land?
An ample forest, or a fair domain,
Of hills for vines, and arable for grain?
E'en this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot.
But can Achilles be so soon forgot?
Once (as I think) you saw this brandish'd spear,
And then the great Æneas seem'd to fear:
With hearty haste from Ida's mount he fled,
Nor, till he reach'd Lyrnessus, turn'd his head.
Her lofty walls not long our progress staid;
Those, Pallas, Jove, and we, in ruins laid:
In Grecian chains her captive race were cast;
'Tis true, the great Æneas fled too fast,
Defrauded of my conquest once before,
What then I lost, the gods this day restore.

Go; while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate;
Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.
To this Anchises' son: Such words employ
To one that fears thee, some unwarlike boy;
Such we disdain; the best may be defied
With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride;
Unworthy the high race from which we came,
Proclaim'd so loudly by the voice of fame:
Each from illustrious fathers draws his line;
Each goddess-born; half human, half divine.
Thetis' this day, or Venus' offspring dies,
And tears shall trickle from celestial eyes:
For when two heroes, thus deriv'd, contend,
'Tis not in words the glorious strife can end.
If yet thou farther seek to learn my birth
(A tale resounded through the spacious earth),
Hear how the glorious origin we prove
From ancient Dardanus, the first from Jove:
Dardania's walls he rais'd; for Ilion, then,
(The city since of many-languag'd men)
Was not. The natives were content to till
The shady foot of Ida's fountful hill.
From Dardanus great Erichthonius springs,
The richest, once, of Asia's wealthy kings;

Three thousand mares his spacious pastures bred,
Three thousand foals beside their mothers fed.
Boreas, enamour'd of the sprightly train,
Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane,
With voice dissembled to his loves he neigh'd,
And cours'd the dappled beauties o'er the mead:
Hence sprung twelve others of unrivall'd kind,
Swift as their mother mares, and father wind.
These lightly skimming, when they swept the plain,
Nor plied the grass, nor bent the tender grain;
And when along the level seas they flew,
Scarce on the surface curl'd the briny dew.
Such Erichthonius was: from him there came
The sacred Tros, of whom the Trojan name.
Three sons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed,
Ilus, Assaracus, and Ganymed:
The matchless Ganymed, divinely fair,
Whom heav'n, enamour'd, snatch'd to upper air,
To bear the cup of Jove (ethereal guest,
The grace and glory of th' ambrosial feast).
The two remaining sons the line divide:
First rose Laomedon from Ilus' side;
From him Tithonus, now in cares grown old,
And Priam, bless'd with Hector, brave and bold;

Clytius and Lampus, ever-honour'd pair;
And Hicetaon, thunderbolt of war.
From great Assaracus sprung Capys, he
Begat Anchises, and Anchises me.
Such is our race: 'tis fortune gives us birth,
But Jove alone endues the soul with worth:
He, source of pow'r and might! with boundless sway,
All human courage gives, or takes away.
Long in the field of words we may contend,
Reproach is infinite, and knows no end,
Arm'd or with truth or falsehood, right or wrong;
So voluble a weapon is the tongue;
Wounded, we wound; and neither side can fail,
For ev'ry man has equal strength to rail:
Women alone, when in the streets they jar,
Perhaps excel us in this wordy war;
Like us they stand, encompass'd with the crowd,
And vent their anger impotent and loud.
Cease then—Our business in the field of fight
Is not to question, but to prove our might.
To all those insults thou hast offer'd here,
Receive this answer: 'tis my flying spear.
He spoke. With all his force the jav'lin flung,
Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.

Far on his outstretch'd arm, Pelides held
(To meet the thund'ring lance) his dreadful shield,
That trembled as it stuck; nor void of fear
Saw, ere it fell, th' immeasurable spear.
His fears were vain; impenetrable charms
Secur'd the temper of th' ethereal arms.
Thro' two strong plates the point its passage held,
But stopp'd, and rested, by the third repell'd.
Five plates of various metal, various mould,
Compos'd the shield; of brass each outward fold,
Of tin each inward, and the middle gold:
There stuck the lance. Then rising ere he threw,
The forceful spear of great Achilles flew,
And pierc'd the Dardan shield's extremest bound;
Where the shrill brass return'd a sharper sound:
Through the thin verge the Pelean weapon glides,
And the slight cov'ring of expanded hides.
Æneas his contracted body bends,
And o'er him high the riven targe extends,
Sees, through its parting plates, the upper air,
And at his back perceives the quiv'ring spear:
A fate so near him, chills his soul with fright;
And swims before his eyes the many-colour'd light.
Achilles, rushing in with dreadful cries,
Draws his broad blade, and at Æneas flies:

Æneas rousing as the foe came on,
With force collected, heaves a mighty stone:
A mass enormous! which in modern days
No two of earth's degen'rate sons could raise.
But ocean's god, whose earthquakes rock the ground,
Saw the distress, and mov'd the pow'rs around:
Lo! on the brink of fate Æneas stands,
An instant victim to Achilles' hands;
By Phœbus urg'd; but Phœbus has bestow'd
His aid in vain: the man o'erpow'rs the god.
And can ye see this righteous chief atone
With guiltless blood for vices not his own?
To all the gods his constant vows were paid;
Sure, though he wars for Troy, he claims our aid.
Fate wills not this; nor thus can Jove resign
The future father of the Dardan line:
The first great ancestor obtain'd his grace,
And still his love descends on all the race:
For Priam now, and Priam's faithless kind,
At length are odious to th' all-seeing mind;
On great Æneas shall devolve the reign,
And sons succeeding sons the lasting line sustain.
The great earth-shaker thus: to whom replies
Th' imperial goddess with the radiant eyes:

Good as he is, to immolate or spare
The Dardan prince, O Neptune, be thy care;
Pallas and I, by all that gods can bind,
Have sworn destruction to the Trojan kind;
Not e'en an instant to protract their fate,
Or save one member of the sinking state;
Till her last flame be quench'd with her last gore,
And e'en her crumbling ruins are no more.

The king of ocean to the fight descends,
Thro' all the whistling darts his course he bends,
Swift interpos'd between the warriors flies,
And casts thick darkness o'er Achilles' eyes.
From great Æneas' shield the spear he drew,
And at his master's feet the weapon threw.
That done, with force divine he snatch'd on high
The Dardan prince, and bore him through the sky,
Smooth-gliding without step, above the heads
Of warring heroes, and of bounding steeds:
Till at the battle's utmost verge they light,
Where the slow Caucans close the rear of fight.
The godhead there (his heav'nly form confess'd)
With words like these the panting chief address'd:

What pow'r, O prince, with force inferior far
Urg'd thee to meet Achilles' arm in war?

Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,
Defrauding fate of all thy fame to come.
But when the day decreed (for come it must)
Shall lay this dreadful hero in the dust,
Let then the furies of that arm be known,
Secure no Grecian force transcends thy own.
With that, he left him wond'ring as he lay,
Then from Achilles chas'd the mist away:
Sudden, returning with the stream of light,
The scene of war came rushing on his sight.
Then thus, amaz'd: What wonders strike my mind!
My spear, that parted on the wings of wind,
Laid here before me! and the Dardan lord,
That fell this instant, vanish'd from my sword!
I thought alone with mortals to contend,
But pow'rs celestial sure this foe defend.
Great as he is, our arm he scarce will try,
Content for once, with all his gods, to fly.
Now then let others bleed. This said, aloud
He vents his fury, and inflames the crowd:
O Greeks (he cries, and ev'ry rank alarms)
Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms!
'Tis not in me, though favour'd by the sky,
To mow whole troops, and make whole armies fly:

No god can singly such a host engage,
Not Mars himself, nor great Minerva's rage.
But whatsoe'er Achilles can inspire,
Whate'er of active force, or acting fire;
Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey;
All, all Achilles, Greeks! is yours to-day.
Through yon wide host this arm shall scatter fear,
And thin the squadrons with my single spear.
He said: nor less elate with martial joy;
The godlike Hector warm'd the troops of Troy:
Trojans, to war! Think Hector leads you on;
Nor dread the vaunts of Peleus' haughty son.
Deeds must decide our fate. E'en those with words
Insult the brave, who tremble at their swords:
The weakest atheist-wretch all heav'n defies,
But shrinks and shudders when the thunder flies.
Nor from yon boaster shall your chief retire,
Not tho' his heart were steel, his hands were fire;
That fire, that steel, your Hector should withstand,
And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand.
Thus (breathing rage through all) the hero said;
A wood of lances rises round his head,
Clamours on clamours tempest all the air,
They join, they throng, they thicken to the war.

But Phœbus warns him from high heav'n to shun
The single fight with Thetis' godlike son;
More safe to combat in the single band,
Nor tempt too near the terrors of his hand.
He hears, obedient to the god of light,
And, plung'd within the ranks, awaits the fight.
Then fierce Achilles, shouting to the skies,
On Troy's whole force with boundless fury flies.
First falls Iphytion, at his army's head;
Brave was the chief, and brave the host he led;
From great Otrynteus he deriv'd his blood,
His mother was a Naïs of the flood;
Beneath the shades of Tmolus, crown'd with snow,
From Hyde's walls he rul'd the lands below.
Fierce as he springs, the sword his head divides;
The parted visage falls on equal sides:
With loud-resounding arms he strikes the plain;
While thus Achilles glories o'er the slain:
Lie there, Otryntides! the Trojan earth
Receives thee dead, though Gygæ boast thy birth;
Those beauteous fields where Hyllus' waves are
roll'd,
And plenteous Hermus swells with tides of gold,
Are thine no more—Th' insulting hero said,
And left him sleeping in eternal shade.

The rolling wheels of Greece the body tore,
And dash'd their axles with no vulgar gore.
Demoleon next, Antenor's offspring, laid
Breathless in dust, the price of rashness paid.
Th' impatient steel with full-descending sway
Forc'd through his brazen helm its furious way,
Resistless drove the batter'd skull before,
And dash'd and mingled all the brains with gore.
This sees Hippodamas, and seiz'd with fright,
Deserts his chariot for a swifter flight:
The lance arrests him: an ignoble wound
The panting Trojan rivets to the ground.
He groans away his soul: not louder roars
At Neptune's shrine on Helice's high shores
The victim bull; the rocks rebellow round,
And ocean listens to the grateful sound.
Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage,
The youngest hope of Priam's stooping age:
(Whose feet for swiftness in the race surpast)
Of all his sons, the dearest, and the last.
To the forbidden field he takes his flight
In the first folly of a youthful knight,
To vaunt his swiftness wheels around the plain,
But vaunts not long, with all his swiftness slain:

Struck where the crossing belts unite behind,
And golden rings the double back-plate join'd,
Forth through the navel burst the thrilling steel;
And on his knees with piercing shrieks he fell;
The rushing entrails pour'd upon the ground
His hands collect; and darkness wraps him round.
When Hector view'd, all ghastly in his gore
Thus sadly slain, th' unhappy Polydore,
A cloud of sorrow overcast his sight,
His soul no longer brook'd the distant fight,
Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came,
And shook his jav'lin like a waving flame.
The son of Peleus sees, with joy possest,
His heart high-bounding in his rising breast:
And, lo! the man, on whom black fates attend;
The man, that slew Achilles, in his friend!
No more shall Hector's and Pelides' spear
Turn from each other in the walks of war—
Then with revengeful eyes he scann'd him o'er:
Come, and receive thy fate! He spake no more.

Hector, undaunted, thus: Such words employ
To one that dreads thee, some unwarlike boy:
Such we could give, defying and defied,

I know thy force to mine superior far;
But heav'n alone confers success in war:
Mean as I am, the gods may guide my dart,
And give it entrance in a braver heart.
Then parts the lance: but Pallas' heav'nly breath
Far from Achilles wafts the winged death:
The bidden dart again to Hector flies,
And at the feet of its great master lies.
Achilles closes with his hated foe,
His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow:
But present to his aid, Apollo shrowds
The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.
Thrice struck Pelides with indignant heart,
Thrice in impassive air he plung'd the dart;
The spear a fourth time buried in the cloud,
He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud:

Wretch? thou hast 'scap'd again, once more
thy flight
Has sav'd thee, and the partial god of light.
But long thou shalt not thy just fate withstand,
If any pow'r assist Achilles' hand.
Fly then inglorious! but thy flight this day
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay.

With that, he gluts his rage on numbers slain:
Then Dryops tumbled to th' ensanguin'd plain,

Pierc'd thro' the neck: he left him panting there,
And stopp'd Demuchus, great Philetor's heir,
Gigantic chief! deep gash'd th' enormous blade,
And for the soul an ample passage made.
Laogonus and Dardanus expire,
The valiant sons of an unhappy sire;
Both in one instant from the chariot hurl'd,
Sunk in one instant to the nether world:
This diff'rence only their sad fates afford,
That one the spear destroy'd, and one the sword.
Nor less unpitied, young Alastor bleeds;
In vain his youth, in vain his beauty pleads:
In vain he begs thee with a suppliant's moan,
To spare a form, an age so like thy own!
Unhappy boy! no pray'r, no moving art,
E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!
While yet he trembled at his knees, and cried,
The ruthless falchion op'd his tender side;
The panting liver pours a flood of gore
That drowns his bosom till he pants no more.
Through Mulius' head then drove th' impetuous spear;
The warrior falls, transfix'd from ear to ear.
Thy life, Echeclus! next the sword bereaves,
Deep thro' the front the pond'rous falchion cleaves;

Warm'd in the brain the smoking weapon lies,
The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes.
Then brave Deucalion died: the dart was flung
Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow strung;
He dropp'd his arm, an unassisting weight,
And stood all impotent, expecting fate:
Full on his neck the falling falchion sped,
From his broad shoulders hew'd his crested head:
Forth from the bone the spinal marrow flies,
And, sunk in dust, the corpse extended lies.
Rhigmus, whose race from fruitful Thracia came,
(The son of Pireus, an illustrious name)
Succeeds to fate: the spear his belly rends;
Prone from his car the thund'ring chief descends.
The squire, who saw expiring on the ground
His prostrate master, rein'd the steeds around:
His back scarce turn'd, the Pelean jav'lin gor'd,
And stretch'd the servant o'er his dying lord.
As when a flame the winding valley fills,
And runs on crackling shrubs between the hills;
Then o'er the stubble up the mountain flies,
Fires the high woods, and blazes to the skies,
This way, and that, the spreading torrent roars:
So sweeps the hero through the wasted shores;

Around him wide, immense destruction pours,
And earth is delug'd with the sanguine show'rs.
As with autumnal harvests cover'd o'er,
And thick bestrown, lies Ceres' sacred floor;
When round and round, with never-wearied pain,
The trampling steers beat out th'unnumber'd grain:
So the fierce coursers, as the chariot rolls,
Tread down whole ranks, and crush out heroes' souls.
Dash'd from their hoofs while o'er the dead they fly,
Black, bloody drops the smoking chariot dye:
The spiky wheels thro' heaps of carnage tore;
And thick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore.
High o'er the scene of death Achilles stood,
All grim with dust, all horrible in blood:
Yet still insatiate, still with rage on flame;
Such is the lust of never-dying fame!

SELECT NOTES

TO

BOOK XX.

V. 5. *Then Jove to Themis gives command,* &c.] The circumstance of sending Themis to assemble the gods is very beautiful; she is the goddess of justice; the Trojans by the rape of Helen, and by repeated perjuries, having broken her laws, she is the properest messenger to summon a synod to bring them to punishment. EUSTATHIUS.

Proclus has given a farther explanation of this. Themis, or justice (says he), is made to assemble the gods round Jupiter, because it is from him that all the powers of nature take their virtue, and receive their orders; and Jupiter sends them to the relief of both parties, to shew that nothing falls out but by his permission; and that neither angels, nor men, nor the elements, act but according to the power which is given them.

V. 15. *All but old Ocean.*] Eustathius gives two reasons why Oceanus was absent from this assembly: the one is because he is fabled to be the original of all the gods, and it would have been a piece of indecency for him to see the deities, who were all his descendants, war upon one another, by joining adverse parties: the other reason he draws from the allegory of Oceanus, which signifies the element of water, and consequently the whole element could not ascend into the ether; but whereas Neptune, the rivers, and the fountains, are said to have been present, this is no way impossible, if we consider it in an allegorical sense, which implies, that the rivers, seas, and fountains, supply the air with vapours, and by that means ascend into the ether.

V. 41. ..... *or Ilion's sacred wall*
May fall this day, though fate forbids the fall.]

Mons. de la Motte criticises on this passage, as thinking it absurd and contradictory to Homer's own system, to imagine, that what

fate had ordained should not come to pass. Jupiter here seems to fear that Troy will be taken this very day in spite of destiny, ὑπερ μοῤῥον. M. Boivin answers, that the explication hereof depends wholly upon the principles of the ancient Pagan theology, and their doctrine concerning fate. It is certain, according to Homer and Virgil, that what destiny had decreed did not constantly happen in the precise time marked by destiny; the fatal moment was not to be retarded, but might be hastened: for example, that of the death of Dido was advanced by the blow she gave herself; her hour was not then come:

'..... Nec fato, meritâ nec morte peribat,
Sed misera ante diem'—

Every violent death was accounted ὑπερ μοῤῥον, that is, before the fated time, or (which is the same thing) against the natural order, 'turbato mortalitatis ordine,' as the Romans expressed it. And the same might be said of any misfortunes which men drew upon themselves by their own ill conduct.

V. 44. *On adverse parts the warring gods engage.*
Heav'n's awful queen, &c.]

Eustathius has a very curious remark upon this division of the gods of Homer, which M. Dacier has entirely borrowed (as indeed no commentator ever borrowed more, or acknowledged less, than she has every where done from Eustathius). This division, says he, is not made at random, but founded upon very solid reasons, drawn from the nature of those two nations. He places on the side of the Greeks all the gods who preside over arts and sciences, to signify how much in that respect the Greeks excelled all other nations. Juno, Pallas, Neptune, Mercury, and Vulcan, are for the Greeks; Juno, not only as the goddess who presides over marriage, and who is concerned to revenge an injury done to the nuptial bed, but likewise as the goddess who represents monarchical government, which was better established in Greece than any where else; Pallas, because being the goddess of war and wisdom, she ought to assist those who are wronged; besides the Greeks understood the art of war better than the Barbarians;

Neptune, because he was an enemy to the Trojans upon account of Laomedon's perfidiousness, and because most of the Greeks being come from islands or peninsulas, were in some sort his subjects; Mercury, because he is a god who presides over stratagems of war, and because Troy was taken by that of the wooden horse; and lastly Vulcan, as the declared enemy of Mars and of all adulterers, and as the father of arts.

V. 52. *Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving dame.*] The reason why Mars and Venus engage for the Trojans, is very obvious; the point in hand was to favour ravishers and debauchees. But the same reason, you will say, does not serve for Apollo, Diana, and Latona. It is urged that Apollo is for the Trojans, because of the darts and arrows which were the principal strength of the Barbarians; and Diana, because she presided over dancing, and those Barbarians were great dancers; and Latona, as influenced by her children. Xanthus, being a Trojan river, is interested for his country. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 75. *Above, the sire of gods,* &c.] 'The images (says Longinus) which Homer gives of the combat of the gods, have in them something prodigiously great and magnificent. We see, in these verses, the earth opened to its very centre, hell ready to disclose itself, the whole machine of the world upon the point to be destroyed and overturned: to shew that in such a conflict, heaven and hell, all things mortal and immortal, the whole creation in short was engaged in this battle, and all the extent of nature in danger.'

V. 91. *First silver-shafted Phœbus took the plain,* &c.] With what art does the poet engage the gods in this conflict! Neptune opposes Apollo, which implies that things moist and dry are in continual discord: Pallas fights with Mars, which signifies that rashness and wisdom always disagree: Juno is against Diana, that is, nothing more differs from a marriage state, than celibacy: Vulcan engages Xanthus, that is, fire and water are in perpetual variance. Thus we have a fine allegory concealed under the veil of excellent poetry, and the reader receives a double satisfaction at the same time from beautiful verses, and an instructive moral. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 121. *From Ida's woods he chas'd us——*
But (Jove assisting) I surviv'd.]

It is remarkable that Æneas owed his safety to his flight from Achilles; but it may seem strange that Achilles, who was famed for his swiftness, should not be able to overtake him, even with Minerva for his guide. Eustathius answers, that this might proceed from the better knowledge Æneas might have of the ways and defiles: Achilles being a stranger, and Æneas having long kept his father's flocks in those parts.

He farther observes, that the word φαος discovers that it was in the night that Achilles pursued Æneas.

V. 174. *Advanc'd upon the field there stood a mound*, &c.] It may not be unnecessary to explain this passage to make it understood by the reader: the poet is very short in the description, as supposing the fact already known, and hastens to the combat between Achilles and Æneas. This is very judicious in Homer, not to dwell on a piece of history that had no relation to his action, when he has raised the reader's expectation by so pompous an introduction, and made the gods themselves his spectators.

The story is as follows: Laomedon having defrauded Neptune of the reward he promised him for the building the walls of Troy, Neptune sent a monstrous whale, to which Laomedon exposed his daughter Hesione: but Hercules having undertaken to destroy the monster, the Trojans raised an intrenchment to defend Hercules from his pursuit. This being a remarkable piece of conduct in the Trojans, it gave occasion to the poet to adorn a plain narration with fiction, by ascribing the work to Pallas the goddess of wisdom. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 180. *Here Neptune, and the gods*, &c.] I wonder why Eustathius and all other commentators should be silent upon this recess of the gods: it seems strange at the first view, that so many deities, after having entered the scene of action, should perform so short a part, and immediately become themselves spectators! I conceive the reason of this conduct in the poet to

be, that Achilles has been inactive during the greatest part of the poem; and, as he is the hero of it, ought to be the chief character in it: the poet therefore withdraws the gods from the field, that Achilles may have the whole honour of the day, and not act in subordination to the deities: besides, the poem now draws to a conclusion, and it is necessary for Homer to enlarge upon the exploits of Achilles, that he may leave a noble idea of his valour upon the mind of the reader.

V. 214, &c, *The conversation of Achilles and Æneas.*] I shall lay before the reader the words of Eustathius in defence of this passage, which I confess seems to me to be faulty in the poet. The reader (says he) would naturally expect some great and terrible achievements should ensue from Achilles on his first entrance upon action. The poet seems ro prepare for it, by his magnificent introduction of him into the field: but instead of a storm, we have a calm; he follows the same method in this book as he did in the third, where, when both armies were ready to engage in a general conflict, he ends the day in a single combat between two heroes: thus he always agreeably surprises his readers. Besides, the admirers of Homer reap a farther advantage from this conversation of the heroes: there is a chain of ancient history as well as a series of poetical beauties.

Madam Dacier's excuse is very little better: and to shew that this is really a fault in the poet, I believe I may appeal to the taste of every reader, who certainly finds himself disappointed: our expectation is raised to see gods and heroes engage, when suddenly it all sinks into such a combat in which neither party receives a wound: and (what is more extraordinary) the gods are made the spectators of so small an action! What occasion was there for thunder, earthquakes, and descending deities, to introduce a matter of so little importance? Neither is it any excuse to say he has given us a piece of ancient history; we expected to read a poet, not an historian. In short, after the greatest preparation for action imaginable, he suspends the whole narration, and from the heat of a poet, cools at once into the simplicity of an historian.

V. 258. *The natives were content to till*
The shady foot of Ida's fountful hill.]

Κτισσε δε Δαρδανιην, επει ουπω Ιλιος ιρη
Εν πεδιω πεπτηιστο, πολις μεροπων Ανθρωπων.
Αλλ' εθ' υπωρειας ωκεον πολυπιδακα Ιδης.

Plato and Strabo understand this passage as favouring the opinion that the mountainous parts of the world were first inhabited, after the universal deluge; and that mankind by degrees descended to dwell in the lower parts of the hills (which they would have the word ὑπωρεια signify), and only in greater process of time ventured into the vallies: Virgil however seems to have taken this word in a sense something different, where he alludes to this passage. Æn. iii. 109.

. . . . . Nondum Ilium et arces
Pergameæ steterant, habitabant vallibus imis.'

V. 262. *Three thousand mares*, &c.] The number of the horses and mares of Erichthonius may seem incredible, were we not assured by Herodotus that there were in the stud of Cyrus at one time (besides those for the service of war) eight hundred horses and six thousand six hundred mares. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 280. *To bear the cup of Jove.*] To be a cup-bearer has in all ages and nations been reckoned an honourable employment: Sappho mentions it in honour of her brother Labichus, that he was cup-bearer to the nobles of Mitylene: the son of Menelaus executed the same office: Hebe and Mercury served the gods in the same station.

It was the custom in the Pagan worship to employ noble youths to pour the wine upon the sacrifice: in this office Ganymed might probably attend upon the altar of Jupiter, and from thence was fabled to be his cup-bearer. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 355. *On Æneas shall devolve the reign,*
And sons succeeding sons the lasting line sustain.]

This passage is very considerable, for it ruins the famous chimæra of the Roman empire, and of the family of the Cæsars,

who both pretended to deduce their original from Venus by Æneas, alledging that after the taking of Troy, Æneas came into Italy: and this pretension is hereby actually destroyed. This testimony of Homer ought to be looked upon as an authentic act, the fidelity and verity whereof cannot be questioned. Neptune, as much an enemy as he is to the Trojans, declares that Æneas, and after him his posterity, shall reign over the Trojans. Would Homer have put this prophecy in Neptune's mouth, if he had not known that Æneas did not leave Troy, but that he reigned there, and if he had not seen in his time the descendants of that prince reign there likewise? That poet wrote two hundred and sixty years, or thereabouts, after the taking of Troy; and what is very remarkable, he wrote in some of the towns of Ionia, that is to say, in the neighbourhood of Phrygia, so that the time and place gave such a weight to his deposition, that nothing can invalidate it. All that the historians have written concerning Æneas's voyage into Italy, ought to be considered as a romance, made on purpose to destroy all historical truth; for the most ancient of them is posterior to Homer by some ages. Before Dionysius of Halicarnassus, some writers being sensible of the strength of this passage of Homer, undertook to explain it so as to reconcile it with this fable; and they said that Æneas, after having been in Italy, returned to Troy, and left his son Ascanius there. Dionysius of Halicarnassus, little satisfied with this solution, which did not seem to him to be probable, has taken another method: he would have it that by these words, 'He shall reign over the Trojans,' Homer meant, He shall reign over the Trojans whom he shall carry with him into Italy. 'For is it not possible,' says he, 'that Æneas should reign over the Trojans whom he had taken with him, though settled elsewhere?'

That historian, who wrote in Rome itself, and in the reign of Augustus, was willing to make his court to that prince, by explaining this passage of Homer, so as to favour the chimæra he was possessed with. And this is a reproach that may with some justice be cast on him; for poets may by their fictions flatter princes and welcome: it is their trade. But for historians to corrupt the gravity and severity of history, to substitute fable in

the place of truth, is what ought not to be pardoned. Strabo was much more scrupulous, for though he wrote his books of geography towards the beginning of Tiberius's reign, yet he had the courage to give a right explication to this passage of Homer, and to aver, that this poet said, and meant, that Æneas remained at Troy, that he reigned therein, Priam's whole race being extinguished, and that he left the kingdom to his children after him, lib. xiii. You may see this whole matter discussed in a letter from M. Bochart to M. de Segrais, who has prefixed it to his remarks upon the translation of Virgil.

V. 378. *Where the slow Caucans close the rear.*] The Caucones (says Eustathius) were of Paphlagonian extract: and this perhaps was the reason why they are not distinctly mentioned in the catalogue, they being included under the general name of Paphlagonians.

V. 467. ..... *Not louder roars*
At Neptune's shrine on Helice's high shores, &c.]

In Helice, a town of Achaia, three quarters of a league from the gulph of Corinth, Neptune had a magnificent temple, where the Ionians offered every year to him a sacrifice of a bull; and it was with these people an auspicious sign, and a certain mark that the sacrifice would be accepted, if the bull bellowed as he was led to the altar. After the Ionic migration, which happened about one hundred and forty years after the taking of Troy, the Ionians of Asia assembled in the fields of Priene to celebrate the same festival in honour of Heliconian Neptune; and as those of Priene valued themselves upon being originally of Helice, they chose for the king of the sacrifice a young Prienian. It is needless to dispute from whence the poet has taken his comparison; for as he lived a hundred, or a hundred and twenty-one years, after the Ionic migration, it cannot be doubted but he took it in the Asian Ionia, and at Priene itself; where he had probably often assisted at that sacrifice, and been witness of the ceremonies therein observed. This poet always appears strongly addicted to the customs of the Ionians, which makes some conjecture that he was an Ionian himself. EUSTATHIUS. DACIER.

V. 471. *Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage.*] Euripides in his Hecuba has followed another tradition, when he makes Polydorus the son of Priam and of Hecuba, and slain by Polymnestor king of Thrace, after the taking of Troy; for acco ding to Homer, he is not the son of Hecuba, but of Laothoë, as he says in the following book, and is slain by Achilles. Virgil too has rather chosen to follow Euripides than Homer.

V. 580. *The trampling steers beat out th' unnumber'd grain.*] In Greece, instead of threshing the corn as we do, they caused it to be trod out by oxen; this was likewise practised in Judea, as is seen by the law of God, who forbad the Jews to muzzle the ox who trod out the corn. 'Non ligabis os bovis terentis in aream fruges tuas.' Deut. xxv. DACIER.

The same practice is still preserved among the Turks and modern Greeks.

END OF VOL. V.

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